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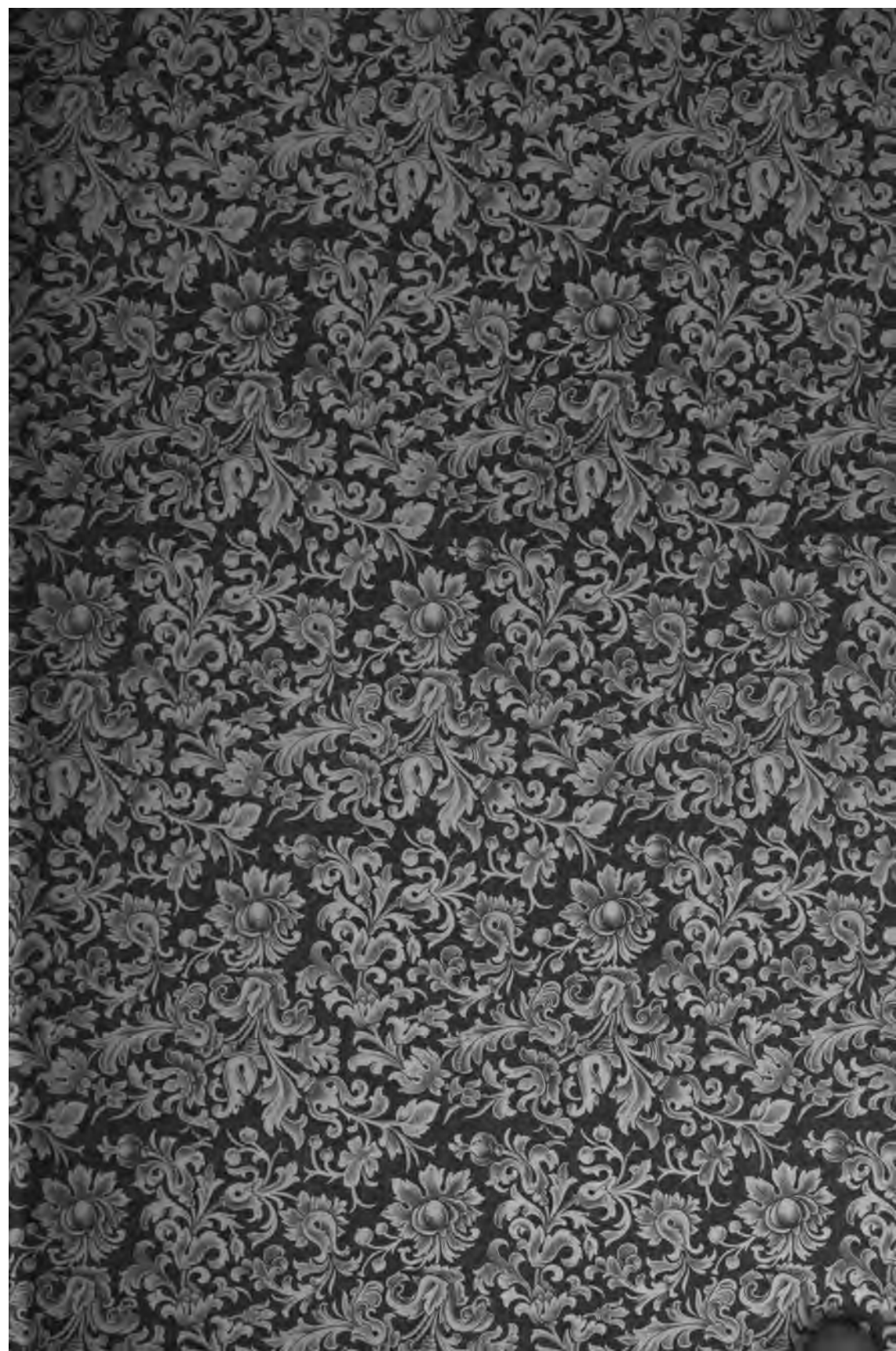
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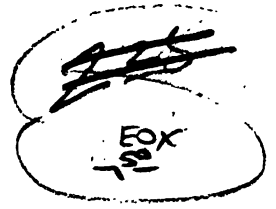
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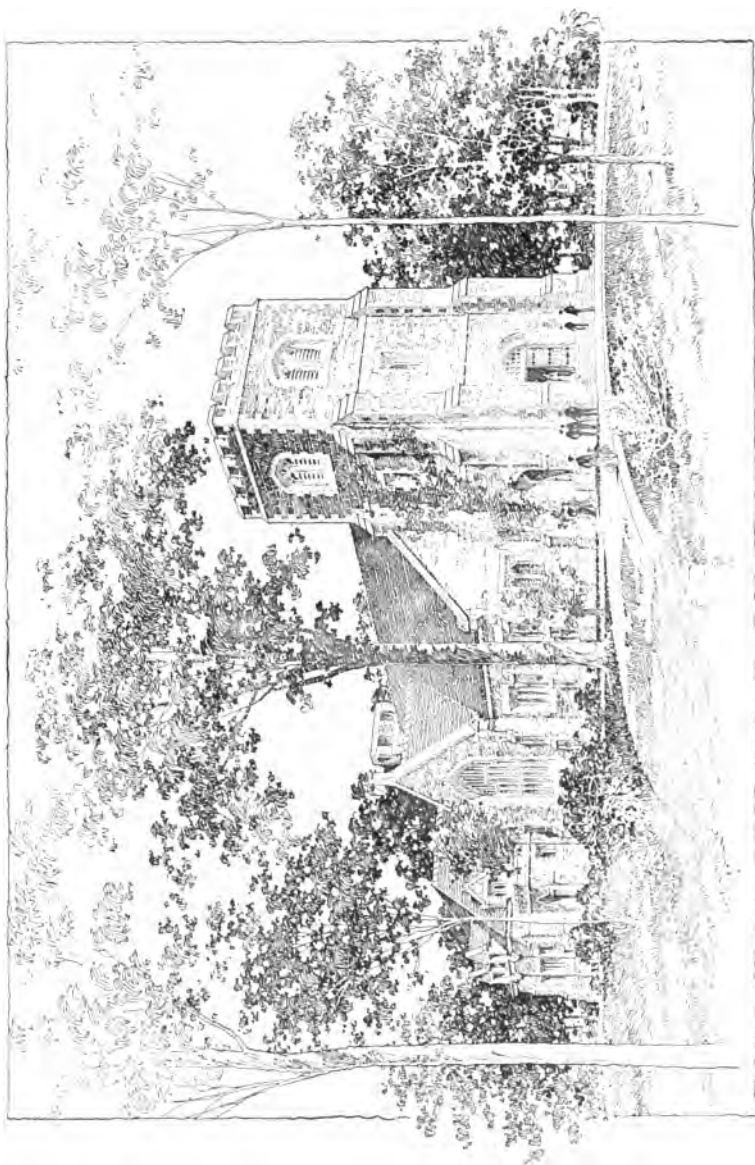


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THE FIRST CHURCH IN NEWTON



FIRST CHURCH IN NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS
CENTRE AND HOMER STREETS, NEWTON CENTRE

Newton, Mass. First Church

THE

COMMEMORATIVE SERVICES

OF

THE FIRST CHURCH IN NEWTON
MASSACHUSETTS

ON THE OCCASION OF THE
TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF ITS FOUNDATION

FRIDAY, SUNDAY AND MONDAY,
OCT. 30, NOV. 1 AND 2, 1914



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HISTORICAL NOTES

NEWTON was originally a part of Cambridge, and called Cambridge Village. Religious services were instituted in 1654, and the first meeting-house was built in 1660. In 1661, by an act of the General Court, the people were relieved from paying rates in Cambridge. The First Church was organized July 20, 1664, with eighty members—forty men and forty women. Until 1780, when the First Baptist Church was formed, a period of one hundred and sixteen years, it was the only church in the town. Cambridge Village was set off from Cambridge and made an independent town in 1678, under the name of Newtown, later abbreviated to Newton.

The house of Rev. John Cotton was burned in 1720, and that of Rev. Jonas Meriam in 1770. The church records were thus twice destroyed and imperfectly restored from memory. The first bell was the gift of Federal Street Church, Boston, in 1810.

The Sunday-school was organized in 1816 in a little red schoolhouse on Homer Street with twenty scholars. Dea. Elijah F. Woodward was the first superintendent, and held the office for thirty years. The enrollment now is four hundred and eighty-seven.

Fifty-seven members of the church fought in the Revolutionary War, out of a total male membership (in 1776) of seventy-eight. Twenty from the congregation were volunteers in the Civil War.

The church was incorporated in 1895. The present membership is six hundred and two. The parish includes three hundred and seventy-five families.

Six meeting-houses have been erected, in 1660, 1698, 1721, 1805, 1847 and 1904. The first was built in the old

cemetery on Centre Street. The second, nearly opposite, on land now included in the estate of Mr. Joseph L. Colby. The third, after long discussion, on the present site, selected by a Committee of the General Court, to whom the matter was referred for decision. The present building was designed by Shepley, Rutan and Coolidge, and erected by Horton and Hemenway. The cost was \$107,100. The furnishings, provided by the ladies of the parish, cost \$5,000 additional, and the organ, installed in 1905, \$10,000 more. The total value of the church property is about \$150,000. There is no debt.

The other Congregational Churches in the city were established as follows: Second Church (West Parish), West Newton, 1781; Eliot Church, Newton, 1845; Auburndale Church, 1851; North Church, Nonantum, 1866; Central Church, Newtonville, 1868; Newton Highlands Church, 1872; Union Church, Waban, 1911.

MINISTERS

1664-1914: 250 Years

1. JOHN ELIOT, JR., son of the Apostle Eliot, born in Roxbury, Mass.; graduated at Harvard College, 1656; ordained here, July 20, O. S., 1664; died here, October 11, 1668, aged 32; buried in the old burying-ground, Centre Street; pastor, 4 years.
2. NEHEMIAH HOBART, born in Hingham, Mass.; graduated at Harvard College, 1667; ordained here, December 23, 1674; died here, August 25, 1712, aged 63; buried in the old burying-ground; pastor, 38 years.
3. JOHN COTTON, born in Sandwich, Mass.; graduated at Harvard College, 1710; ordained here, November 3, 1714; died here, May 17, 1757, aged 63; buried in the old burying-ground; pastor, 43 years.
4. JONAS MERIAM, born in Lexington, Mass.; graduated at Harvard College, 1753; ordained here, March 22, 1758; died here, August 13, 1780, aged 50; pastor, 22 years.
5. JONATHAN HOMER, born in Boston, Mass.; graduated at Harvard College, 1777; ordained here, February 13, 1782; resigned, April 17, 1839; died here, August 11, 1843, aged 84; buried in the old burying-ground; pastor, 57 years.
6. JAMES BATES, born in Randolph, Vt.; graduated at Dartmouth College, 1822; ordained here, as colleague with Dr. Homer, November 14, 1827; resigned, April 17, 1839; died December 9, 1865, aged 66; associate pastor, 11 years.

7. WILLIAM BUSHNELL, born in Saybrook, Conn.; graduated at Yale College, 1828; installed here, May 24, 1842; resigned December 13, 1846; died April 28, 1879, aged 78; buried in the old burying-ground; pastor, 4 years.
8. DANIEL L. FURBER, born in Sandwich, N. H.; graduated at Dartmouth College, 1843; ordained here, December 1, 1847; resigned, December 3, 1882, and became pastor emeritus; continuing to live at Newton Centre until his death in 1899, at the age of 79; buried in Newton Cemetery; pastor, 35 years; pastor emeritus, 17 years.
9. THEODORE J. HOLMES, born in Utica, N. Y.; graduated at Yale College, 1853; installed here, October 24, 1883; resigned September 24, 1893; died December 4, 1906, aged 73; buried in Newton Cemetery; pastor, 10 years.
10. EDWARD MACARTHUR NOYES, born in New Haven, Conn.; graduated at Yale College, 1879, Yale Theological Seminary, 1882; pastor at Duluth, Minn., 1883-94; installed here, October 31, 1894.

1844

1845







INTRODUCTION

THE Two Hundredth Anniversary of The First Church in Newton fell in the year 1864, when the anxiety and distress of the Civil War prevented any adequate observance of the occasion.

It was, therefore, determined to mark the Two Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Anniversary by a fitting celebration, which was admirably carried out October 6 and 7, 1889, under the direction of a General Committee consisting of Rev. Theodore J. Holmes, Judge Robert R. Bishop, Charles S. Davis, Arthur C. Walworth, Samuel Ward and William E. Webster. The records of this celebration, with the notable historical discourse by the Pastor Emeritus, Rev. Daniel Little Furber, D.D., the historical sermon by the Pastor, Rev. Theodore James Holmes, and the other speeches and addresses, have been preserved in a handsome commemorative volume, printed by the Society in 1890.

The first step toward the observance of the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary was taken at the annual meeting, January 21, 1909, when a committee was appointed to secure funds for the erection of a memorial window in the north transept of the meeting-house as a tribute to the former pastors. The Woman's Benevolent and Church Aid Society had already started a fund for this object. A committee on the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary was appointed February 11, 1912, and given authority to make all arrangements for the celebration. The members of this committee were Joshua M. Dill, Hon. James M. W. Hall, Charles E. Kelsey, Rev. Edward M. Noyes, Herbert I. Ordway, William H. Rice, Arthur C. Walworth and Samuel Ward. Three of these, Messrs. Ordway, Walworth and Ward, had served on committees in connection

with the preceding anniversary. At a meeting of the church held March 29, 1912, it was voted to dedicate the transept window to the memory of Dr. Furber and Mrs. Furber, and to erect a bronze tablet commemorating the former ministers of the church. The Anniversary Committee was enlarged by the addition of five members from the Woman's Society: Mrs. Christopher M. Goddard, Mrs. Albert L. Harwood, Mrs. Herbert I. Ordway, Miss J. Eva Ransom and Mrs. William E. Shedd, and they were authorized to add to their numbers and instructed to proceed with the erection of these memorials.

After several months Mrs. Ordway and Miss Ransom, finding it impossible to continue their service, resigned from the committee, and their places were taken by Mrs. Charles Peter Clark and Mrs. Abraham Polhemus. Mr. Charles H. Paul was added to the committee, but resigned on account of removal from the city, and the list was completed by the addition of Mr. Elias B. Bishop, Mr. Abner K. Pratt and Mr. Frank H. Stewart. Messrs. Dill, Hall and Noyes, with Mrs. Goddard and Mrs. Shedd, were made the sub-committee on the memorial window.

In consultation with Mr. Charles S. Coolidge of the firm of Shepley, Rutan and Coolidge, the architects of the church, the design for the window presented by Mr. Charles J. Connick of Boston was approved, and the window was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies, Sunday, December 13, 1913. The inscription reads: "In loving Memory of Daniel Little Furber, D.D., and Maria Brigham Furber." The window illustrates the Ministry of Jesus. The central panels portray the Ministry of Teaching, in the Sermon on the Mount and four familiar parables—the Pharisee and Publican, Dives and Lazarus, the Good Samaritan and the Prodigal Son. The lower panels are given to the Ministry of Works, shown in the Miracle at Cana, Feeding the Five Thousand, the Miraculous Draught of Fishes, Raising the Daughter of Jairus and the Raising of Lazarus. The small windows at the top represent the Angels of the Beati-

tudes. The cost of the window was \$4,500, of which \$2,231 was given by the women of the parish.

A bronze tablet, with the names of the former ministers of the church and the dates of their service, was placed on the north wall of the audience-room and unveiled in connection with the anniversary exercises. The women of the church presented this tablet.

The inscription is as follows:

1664 • 1914	
TO THE MEMORY OF THE MINISTERS OF THIS CHURCH	
JOHN ELIOT, JR.	1664-1668
NEHEMIAH HOBART	1674-1712
JOHN COTTON	1714-1757
JONAS MERIAM	1758-1780
JONATHAN HOMER	1782-1839
JAMES BATES ASSOCIATE	1827-1839
WILLIAM BUSHNELL	1842-1846
DANIEL LITTLE FURBER	1847-1899
THEODORE JAMES HOLMES	1883-1893

The church was organized July 20, 1664, but it was thought wise to defer the celebration of the anniversary until autumn. The following invitation was sent to absent and former members of the parish and to invited guests, including the officers of contemporary churches in this vicinity:

1664

1914

*The First Church in Newton, Massachusetts**invites you to be present at the celebration of the**Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary
of its Organization**Friday, Sunday and Monday**October 30th and November 1st and 2nd, 1914**Centre and Homer Streets
Newton Centre, Mass.**Please reply by October 23rd to
William H. Rice, Newton Centre*

The following were the committees:

GENERAL COMMITTEE

MR. WILLIAM H. RICE, Chairman	MRS. ALBERT L. HARWOOD
MR. HERBERT I. ORDWAY,	MR. CHARLES E. KELSEY
Secretary	REV. EDWARD M. NOYES
MR. JOSHUA M. DILL, Treasurer	MR. ABNER K. PRATT
MR. ELIAS B. BISHOP	MRS. ABRAHAM POLHEMUS
MRS. C. PETER CLARK	MRS. WILLIAM E. SHEDD
MRS. CHRISTOPHER M. GODDARD	MR. FRANK H. STEWART
MR. JAMES M. W. HALL	MR. ARTHUR C. WALWORTH
MR. SAMUEL WARD	

On Memorial Window

MR. JAMES M. W. HALL,	MRS. CHRISTOPHER M. GODDARD
Chairman	REV. EDWARD M. NOYES
MR. JOSHUA M. DILL	MRS. WILLIAM E. SHEDD

On Invitations

MR. CHARLES E. KELSEY,	MR. HERBERT I. ORDWAY
Chairman	MR. ARTHUR C. WALWORTH
MR. ELIAS B. BISHOP	MR. SAMUEL WARD
REV. EDWARD M. NOYES	

On Hospitality

MRS. ALBERT L. HARWOOD,	MRS. CHRISTOPHER M. GODDARD
Chairman	MR. JAMES M. W. HALL
MR. JOSHUA M. DILL	MR. FRANK H. STEWART

*Sub-Committee**On Entertainment of Guests*

MRS. CHRISTOPHER M. GODDARD,	MRS. HENRY BAILY
Chairman	MRS. FREDERIC H. BUTTS

On Tablets

MR. SAMUEL WARD, Chairman	MR. HERBERT I. ORDWAY
MR. JAMES M. W. HALL	MRS. ABRAHAM POLHEMUS
MR. ARTHUR C. WALWORTH	

On Memorials

MR. HERBERT I. ORDWAY,	MR. HERBERT J. KELLAWAY
Chairman	MRS. WILLIAM E. SHEDD
MRS. C. PETER CLARK	MISS MARIA F. WOOD

On Music

MR. S. WILLOUGHBY WILDER,	MR. GEORGE A. HOLMES
Chairman	MR. ARTHUR C. WALWORTH

On Programs and Printing

MR. ABNER K. PRATT, Chairman	MR. ALLEN HUBBARD
MR. NORMAN H. GEORGE	REV. EDWARD M. NOYES

*On Finance**The Men's Club*

MR. C. PETER CLARK, President	
MR. GEORGE A. HOLMES,	MR. W. LAWRENCE BECKETT,
Vice-President	Sec.-Treas.

On Decorations

MRS. SAMUEL WARD, Chairman	MRS. GEORGE W. HOPKINS
MRS. ALFRED E. ALVORD	MRS. CHARLES E. KELSEY
MRS. EDWARD A. ANDREWS	MRS. DANIEL T. KIDDER
MRS. NORMAN H. GEORGE	MRS. WILLIAM H. RICE
MRS. GEORGE A. HOLMES	MRS. FREDERICK C. RISING
MR. CHARLES H. SAWYER	

Ushers

MR. A. LESLIE HARWOOD, JR.,	MR. GEORGE C. EWING
Chairman	MR. WILLIAM D. RISING
MR. ALFRED E. ALVORD	MR. E. FARNUM ROCKWOOD

The souvenir program of the celebration contained pictures of the present meeting-house and the one which preceded it, and of the three ministers remembered by the present generation: Rev. Daniel Little Furber, D.D., Rev. Theodore James Holmes, and Rev. Edward MacArthur Noyes. The Order of Exercises was as follows:

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
FIRST CHURCH IN NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS
CORNER CENTRE AND HOMER STREETS, NEWTON CENTRE
EDWARD MacARTHUR NOYES, MINISTER
OCTOBER THIRTIETH—NOVEMBER SECOND
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN

1664

1914

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES

Friday, October 30th, 7.45 P.M.

COMMUNION SERVICE AND RECEPTION OF NEW MEMBERS

The Pastor will be assisted in the administration of the Sacrament by Rev. William Ewing, D.D., and Rev. Parris T. Farwell. The Memorial Address will be given by Rev. William H. Cobb, D.D. Organ prelude, "Evening Rest,"

Rheinberger; postlude, "Largo," *Handel*. Soprano Solo by Mrs. S. W. Wilder, "Unto Thee, O Lord," *Costa*. Communion hymns: "For all the saints who from their labors rest," No. 614, and "When I survey the wondrous cross," No. 254.

Sunday, November 1, 1914

HISTORICAL SERVICE, 10.30 A.M.

PRELUDE—Praeludium	<i>Rheinberger</i>
DOXOLOGY	
PRAYER OF INVOCATION	Rev. Albert G. Bryant
THE LORD'S PRAYER	
ANTHEM—"Who is like unto Thee "	<i>Sullivan</i>
RESPONSIVE READING	
HYMN No. 749 (Tune 657)—"O God, beneath Thy guiding hand "	
SCRIPTURE LESSON	
PRAYER	Rev. Wolcott Calkins, D.D.
OFFERTORY—"Except the Lord build the house "	<i>Gilchrist</i>
PRAYER OF CONSECRATION	
HYMN No. 636—"A mighty fortress is our God "	
SERMON	The Pastor, Rev. Edward MacArthur Noyes
HYMN No. 172—"O God, our help in ages past "	
PRAYER AND BENEDICTION (The congregation seated)	
POSTLUDE—"Hallelujah Chorus "	<i>Handel</i>

BIBLE SCHOOL SERVICE, 3.30 P.M.

Welcome by the superintendent of the Bible School, Mr. Charles E. Kelsey. Brief addresses on "Sunday in the Past," by the pastor, Rev. Edward MacArthur Noyes; "Sunday in the Present," by Mr. Allan C. Emery; "Sunday 'Round the World," by Rev. James L. Barton, D.D., and "Sunday in the Future," by Rev. Jason Noble Pierce. Organ prelude, "Pastorale," *Sullivan*; postlude, "Marche de Fete," *Claussman*. Anthem (responsive), "Come, ye children, unto me," *Maunder*, with solos by Mrs. S. W. Wilder. Hymns: "Fairest Lord Jesus," No. 229, "The Church's one foundation," No. 633, "Ten thousand times ten thousand," No. 783, "Who is on the Lord's side?" No. 862.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERVICE, 7.30 P.M.

Addresses by two graduates of the church: Mrs. Mary Kingsbury Simkhovitch of Greenwich House, New York City, on "The Church and Social Service"; and Prof. Arthur G. Webster of Clark University, on "The Church and Education." Closing address on "Young People and the Church," by Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D., president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor. Organ prelude, "Prayer," *Borowski*; postlude, "Processional March," *Whitney*. Anthem, "Rejoice, Oh! ye righteous," *Herman*. Hymns: "O God of Bethel," No. 537, "Glorious things of Thee are spoken," No. 632, "Stand up, Stand up for Jesus," No. 600.

Monday, November 2, 1914

SERVICE OF FELLOWSHIP, 3 P.M.

Rev. James L. Barton, D.D., presiding. Greetings and congratulations. Brief speeches by His Honor Mayor Edwin O. Childs, in behalf of the city; Rev. Raymond Calkins, D.D., for the mother church; President George E. Horr, D.D., for the next oldest church in the city, the First Baptist Church; Rev. J. Edgar Park, for the eldest daughter, the Second Church, West Newton; Rev. Charles H. Cutler, D.D., for the youngest member of the family, the Union Church, Waban; Rev. Willis H. Butler, for the churches of Boston; and Rev. Edward T. Sullivan, for the other churches of Newton Centre. Organ prelude, "Prelude in C minor," *Tours*. Hymns: "Jesus Shall Reign," No. 701, and "My Country, 'tis of Thee," No. 753. At the close of the service Mr. D. Ralph Maclean will give a fifteen-minute organ recital, playing the Choral, Minuet, Prayer, and Toccata (Suite Gothique), *Boellmann*.

BANQUET, 5.30 P.M.

Frank H. Stewart, Esq., chairman of the Prudential Committee, toastmaster. Toasts: "The Liberty of Proph-

esying," Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, D.D.; "Old New England Churches and Their Children," Judge William F. Bacon; "Church Folks," Hon. J. M. W. Hall; "Fidelity to Conscience," Dean William E. Huntington, D.D.

CLOSING SERVICE, 8.00 P.M.

Organ recital by Mr. D. Ralph Maclean, from 7.30 to 7.55, "Grand Choeur, G minor," *Guilmant*; "Scottish Eclogue," *Salome*; "Prelude, Clerambault (composed 1676) Cantilene," *Wheeldon*; "Festival Prelude," *Ravanello*.

Oration by Rev. Charles R. Brown, D.D., Moderator of the National Council of the Congregational Churches, subject: "THE CHURCH THAT STANDS FOUR-SQUARE." Anthems: "Te Deum Laudamus," *Smart*; "I Will Mention Thy Loving-Kindness," *Sullivan*. Hymns: "I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord," No. 630, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," No. 333. Postlude: "Grand Choeur, E flat minor," *Guilmant*.

The weather was favorable throughout the celebration and the attendance at all the services was very large, aggregating nearly two thousand at the three services on Sunday. Many former members were welcomed back, the other churches in the village and the other sections of the city were well represented, and there were many visitors from neighboring communities, especially on Monday afternoon and evening.

The church was appropriately decorated and much interest was aroused by the exhibit of memorials in the north parlor of the chapel. A list of these will be found in the Appendix.

The music at all the services was of a high order. The organ numbers, selected and played by Mr. D. Ralph Maclean, the organist of the church, contributed much to the services, and the recitals on Monday afternoon were especially enjoyed. The appropriate anthems were admirably rendered by the regular quartet, reinforced by the addition of two voices on each part. The choir was composed of the following members:

ORGANIST AND DIRECTOR

Mr. D. Ralph Maclean

CHOIR

*Sopranos**Altos*

Mrs. Lora Lamport McGuane Mrs. Ida Benjamin Gruhn

Miss Lilian V. Beatey Mrs. Ethel House Nunn

Miss Alice V. La Marchant Mrs. Cara Sapin

*Tenors**Basses*

Mr. Harry A. Cook

Mr. Augustus T. Beatey

Mr. Lester M. Bartlett

Mr. W. E. Davison

Mr. Charles R. McAlister

Mr. Henry Kelly

One of the features of the celebration was the hearty singing of the congregational hymns. The front seats in the audience were filled by a large chorus of men who sang the melody, and the congregation followed this inspiring leadership with contagious enthusiasm. The singing of "Coronation" after Dr. Brown's closing address on Monday evening was most impressive.

The Men's Club undertook the financial responsibility of the celebration, and thus relieved the General Committee, and rendered an important service to the church.

For more than a hundred years this was the only church in the town, and its history and that of the town were practically identical. It was very pleasant to note that the whole community felt that they had a share in this anniversary and manifested their friendly interest in every possible way. Thanks are especially due to the members of Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church who offered the use of their Parish House, and thus enabled us to provide for the more than five hundred guests who were seated at the banquet with a comfort otherwise impossible.

The anniversary exercises began with the Communion Service, Friday evening, October 30, at which the ancient silver cups were used. These were gifts to the church in 1731, 1733 and 1768. The beautiful solo by Mrs. S. W.

Wilder, the tender and appropriate address by Rev. William H. Cobb, D.D., the uplifting prayers offered by Rev. William Ewing, D.D., and Rev. Parris T. Farwell, together with the reception of nine new members, made this opening service memorable.

The Order of Exercises was carried out as planned, except that Rev. George A. Gordon, D.D., pastor of the Old South Church in Boston, who was to have brought the greetings of the Boston churches Monday afternoon, was detained by a funeral, and his place was filled by the associate pastor of the church, Rev. Willis H. Butler. Mr. Butler had been assigned the response to the toast "The Freedom of the Faith," at the banquet, and this toast was, therefore, omitted.

It was especially gratifying that Rev. Wolcott Calkins, D.D., for many years minister of Eliot Church, Newton, was able to be present and to offer the prayer at the Anniversary Service, Sunday morning.

The celebration reached a fitting climax in the Monday evening service. As the great congregation dispersed, all felt that the observance of this anniversary had marked an important epoch in the life of this ancient church. The survey of its honorable and fruitful past, the renewing of friendships, the tender memories of by-gone days, the inspiring addresses, the earnest prayers and uplifting songs,—all contributed to make the present generation realize anew the great tradition to which they have succeeded, and to enforce the obligation to maintain those high standards of Christian life and service which are the glory of our history.

THE COMMUNION SERVICE

FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 30, 1914

THE PRAYERS

AND

THE COMMEMORATIVE ADDRESS

BY

REVEREND WILLIAM H. COBB, D. D.



REV. DANIEL LITTLE FURBER, D. D.

THE PRAYERS AT THE COMMUNION SERVICE

INVOCATION

REV. EDWARD MACARTHUR NOYES

THOU who art the God of our Fathers and our God, with grateful hearts we acknowledge all Thy goodness, and we thank Thee for each new revelation of Thine unchanging love. And now to-night, in this hour, and upon these succeeding days, as our thoughts turn with gratitude towards the past and with hope towards the future, may all that we do, and all that we plan, and all that we think, be directed and guided and blessed by Thine own presence and hallowed by Thy benediction.

And unto Thee be all the glory, now and forever, Amen.

PRAYER BEFORE THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE BREAD

REV. PARRIS T. FARWELL

Almighty God, our loving Heavenly Father, upon this sacred, joyful occasion we seek Thy blessing. Our hearts go back, our thoughts go back, to the time when our Master first gathered His disciples about Him in that upper chamber so many centuries ago. How many and how great changes have taken place since that time! And we remember how He said to those humble men that with great desire He had desired to eat with them that feast. We remember how He broke the bread and, looking into the faces of those early followers, He passed to them the bread and the cup.

He made them feel that He, Himself, was strengthened

and comforted by their presence with Him. He not only gave to them but He received from them; He looked into their loving hearts and was strengthened while he strengthened them. And we are glad to believe that to-night, after these long years have passed, our Master is glad to have us meet together in this way, hallowed by the passing of the years,—in the same way in which men have met year after year in an unbroken succession of years from that time to this, to confess joyfully and humbly our faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. May our hearts be glad; may we rejoice in this privilege and in the fact that we are members of His church; that we can have a share in carrying forward the kingdom for which He lived and for which He laid down His life.

We humbly confess our consciousness of our own sinfulness and need. We are not here by any merit of our own, but because the Master has invited us. We do the things we ought not to do; we leave undone the things we ought to do; we sin against Thee, O God, our Father, against our fellow men and against ourselves, in thought, in word, and in deed; but Thou, O God, dost see that these defects, these failings which are ours are like voices calling out to Thee for aid, and this aid Thou dost greatly desire to give to us. So strengthen us in our weakness; give us guidance for our perplexities, give us wisdom for our ignorance and help for our helplessness. Guide us and make plain before us the way in which we should walk, when our eyes are blinded and the way is mysterious before us.

And now, as we come to Thee, we desire nothing more, we can ask nothing greater, than that we may feel that the Master is with us as He was with the disciples of old; that it is from His hands that we receive the bread and it is by His grace that we are able to so partake of it that we shall be partaking also of Himself,—we shall partake of His spirit. We pray that we may feel that He looks into our hearts and reads our secret thoughts and desires, even as He did those of His disciples of old; that we may be glad of the fact that He understands us better than we understand ourselves.

Bless to us this ordinance; bless to us this bread; may we feed upon the bread which is eternal; may that be accomplished for us this night that was in the thought of Christ when He gave this sacramental service to His disciples.

We ask this, O God, our Father, with the forgiveness of all our sins, through Jesus Christ, our Lord, Amen.

PRAYER BEFORE THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE WINE

REV. WILLIAM EWING, D.D.

We thank Thee, our Father, that Thou art ever mindful of our deepest needs. We rejoice that so long ago our Saviour, Jesus Christ, gave to us an ordinance so simple that fittingly it may be observed in any part of the world and in any age.

We bless Thee for the sacred memories that cluster around it, as we think of those disciples bound to us by spiritual ties, although living so long ago; and we thank Thee for these heroes of the cross of Christ, and the martyrs, who remembered Thee in the early ages of the Christian Church in the way that we are remembering Thee to-night.

We thank Thee for the sacred memories that cluster around the observance of this ordinance in connection with this church of Christ. We remember those who in the early days, in hardship, toil and poverty, came together, strengthening each other's faith, quickening each other's zeal and laying the foundations for a great church, and receiving strength and encouragement as they came around the table of our Lord in obedience to His loving, tender request.

We thank Thee for those who, when this nation was coming into being, and in the hour of the nation's peril, quickening their courage, their patriotism and their devotion, found spiritual strength, confidence and joy as they came around the table of our Lord; and we thank Thee for the long line of men and women and children who have been blessed in the sacred ordinances of this church.

We thank Thee for those who, coming into the Christian life in their tender youth, mingling their hearts' petitions and their thanksgivings with those who had long lived the Christian life, were strengthened and quickened.

We bless Thee for the young men and young women who came in obedience to Thy request and found added strength and power entering into their manhood and womanhood as they, too, partook of the tokens of the body and blood of our Lord.

We bless Thee for the strong men and women, pillars of this church, who loved to come around the table, whose hearts were quickened, whose zeal and earnestness were increased, as they came and united with the children of God in this church in the observance of this rite that we commemorate to-night.

We bless Thee for the aged ones who in declining years were comforted and cheered by this goodly fellowship. And we bless Thee that we may enter into the rich, the blessed inheritance that has come to us through their observance, and the added power and strength which has come by their testimony in the centuries that are gone.

We pray that we may enter into the joy and into the meaning of this great sacrifice that is exemplified here. May our faith be quickened, and our zeal, and our love for Thee and for each other, and for the service that Thou hast given to us.

We ask that Thy rich blessing may rest on those that have just come into the fellowship of this church; for Thy blessing upon the aged, who look forward to the observance of this feast with Thee in Thy kingdom; and upon those who are yet bearing the burdens and have the joy of service; and upon those who are young and looking forward to long years of devotion to Thee in this church, or wherever their lot may be cast. May rich blessing rest upon all at this time of special interest; may it be a season of helpfulness to each one.

We ask in Christ's name and for His sake, Amen.

CLOSING PRAYER

REV. EDWARD MACARTHUR NOYES

We thank Thee, O God, for Thy church, which remains steadfast through the ages, though men come and men go; though the drops of the river continually pass on into the sea, yet the river remains; and the church remains, the church of our Lord Jesus Christ, which He loved and for which He gave His life; and now we pray Thee that we who are here in this great succession may prove faithful unto our inheritance, faithful unto our Lord in this our day and generation.

We ask for Thy special blessing upon these who come to join themselves with us in the work and worship of Thy Kingdom. May each one of them receive not only the formal welcome here at the altar, but the affectionate welcome of our hands and hearts into the common life and common service. And above all may each one receive in his or her own heart the affectionate welcome of the Lord, as for the first time or anew they pledge themselves to His blessed service; and so may we and they together, growing in the grace and knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, bring forth fruit to the honor and glory of His name. And we ask it in the name that is above every name, to Whom all glory shall be given now and forever, Amen.

ADDRESS AT THE COMMUNION

REV. WILLIAM H. COBB, D.D.

IT WOULD be a great satisfaction if we had some account of the impressive scene when the members of this church were gathered for their first communion season. We are sure that the service in which we have just joined was the same in its essential features as theirs; and when we regard their circumstances at that time, it is reasonable to suppose that the pastor would bring them some such message as the one I have chosen for our own meditation—the word of the Lord Jesus in the Gospel of Luke, at the twelfth chapter and thirty-second verse:

“Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.”

It was a little flock; they could by no means afford even the plain silver vessels that have come down to us from a later period in the church’s life. And there were plausible grounds for fear. We are accustomed to say that this church was founded in the time of King Charles the Second of England, and that the colonists were under his protection. That is true, but it is also true that this church was founded in the time of another king, whose name soon became as familiar here as that of Charles himself, King Philip. England was far way, but Philip with his savages lurking in the unknown forest, was very near. For two years he had been sachem, and already, doubtless, he was stirring up against us the race that we had dispossessed of their land. He had made many fair promises, it is true, of friendliness to the white man; it was no unheard-of thing, however, for solemn treaties to be thrown to the winds in the stress of temptation. The prophetic souls among our fathers may well have foreboded a coming disaster. But

those were brave men and women who had assembled here, and John Eliot would strengthen their hearts with the word of God, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." God's good pleasure—that was the great foundation of Puritan faith and of Puritan preaching. Theologians wrestled over it and called it the sovereignty of God; plain people fed upon it and called it the providence of God. "Not a sparrow falls without Him," Eliot would remind them. "What though some of you," he might say, "are called by God's good pleasure to cruel sufferings? Behold before your eyes the tokens of a greater suffering! What though some of you must even lay down your lives? Christ died for us; the disciple is not above his Master. Fear not them that kill the body, and *after that* have nothing more that they can do. *After that*, you have a better kingdom than that of our sovereign Charles; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom of heaven."

Now there *has* come down to us, very distinctly, the way in which godly men of that generation were wont to describe the glories of heaven. For at the very time when our church was founded, John Bunyan, imprisoned in Bedford jail, was writing the "Pilgrim's Progress," from which I now quote a few familiar words in Christian's talk to Pliable: "There," he says, "we shall see the Elders with their golden crowns; there we shall see holy virgins with their golden harps. There we shall be with seraphims and cherubims, creatures that will dazzle your eyes to look on."

How far away all that seems! as remote, almost, from the life of our day as the wilderness itself. Golden crowned elders make little appeal to the present age. And we, in this church, are not a little flock but well nigh six hundred strong. We have no fear of war; we discuss in calmness the fortunes of a war thousands of miles away. Every throne in Europe, including the throne of England, has tottered in revolution during the last two hundred and fifty years; but all the while this church has stood firm, a self-governing republic, a pure democracy, with equal rights for all. What foes have we to face or even to dread?

But hold, friends; whither are we drifting? No foes, indeed! Are we blind also, like the Pharisees of old? Would that the prophet Elisha could enter this assembly and cry of us as he cried of the Syrians: "Lord, open the eyes of these men that they may see themselves in the very camp of the enemy!" Even now, while we sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, even here at our sacred feast, a foe is stealing in upon us more crafty and deadly than those Indian warriors. He finds his hopeful occasion, his best chance of success, in this very anniversary; for his name is Pride. King Philip slew hundreds but Pride has slain hundreds of thousands, from Lucifer and his princes, whom Pride cast out of heaven, down through the ages to that king who exclaimed: "Is not this great Babylon that I have builded by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty?" on to King Herod who gave not God the glory, on through a long succession of pontiffs and potentates down to this our day, when Pride is clothed as an angel of light and sits in the chief seats of the sanctuary. It is hardly probable that our friends who come to us next Monday to speak congratulations will warn us against spiritual pride; and therefore it behooves us to consider one another and exhort one another at the very outset of these memorial days, lest Satan should get an advantage of us, for we are not ignorant of his devices. And suppose we heed the warning and stand on our guard, fronting the foe, and determined to resist every encroachment of spiritual pride; there are other enemies that assault us in the rear. Here it is covetousness, the root of all evil, there selfishness, its poisonous fruit; yonder come envy, hatred and malice and all uncharitableness, and behind them all inordinate and sinful affections.

And captains that we thought were dead,
And dreamers that we thought were dumb,
And voices that we thought were fled
Arise and call us, and we come:
And "Search in thine own soul," they cry,
"For there, too, lurks thine enemy."

What must we do to be saved? Ten thousand foes arise, and there are only two ways to conquer them. One is to stand up in our own strength and fight down every temptation as it encounters us. That is commendable; that is brave work; it is the righteousness of the law; the man that doeth these things shall live. But did you ever try to live for a single day perfectly pure in heart, absolutely holy in word and deed, and all the while relying on yourself alone? If you have made that honest attempt, you realize the power of your adversaries; you no longer sit down and consult whether you be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against you with twenty thousand. You feel your need of an ally that is mightier than all the host of the enemy. The good news that God has provided such an ally is the gospel, the glorious gospel given unto us by the grace of God. And if by grace, then is it no more of works; otherwise grace is no more grace. We *are* a little flock, in comparison with the hosts of sin that press so hard; we cannot save ourselves; but it is our Father's good pleasure to *give* us salvation. That is what the kingdom means; not alone a future heaven but a present salvation. When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him. Jesus Christ is our ally and our faithful friend. He sealed his friendship with his precious blood. But he rose in power; all power is given unto him in heaven and in earth. We celebrate the dying love and the rising power of Immanuel, our friend who is mighty to save.

If we had come in here to-night and not a word had been spoken; if these mute emblems had been silently given and silently received, that very silence would have been eloquent. We should have shown the Lord's death; we should have testified our faith in his living presence, in the grace of God that bringeth salvation. This one church of Christ has given that testimony, in the communion of the Lord's Supper, more than a thousand times in the course of its history. We need not go many miles away to find a thousand sister churches, differing radically in creed and govern-

ment and forms of worship, but all agreeing to assemble, in grateful, reverent love, about the table of our dying Lord, all lifting up, as we lift upon our organ front, the sacred symbol of the cross, all singing with one heart and one voice

"In the Cross of Christ I Glory."

Ascend the stream of history a thousand years, instead of two hundred and fifty; you are among the mists of the Dark Ages; you are in that century which a great writer has called the midnight of the human mind. Densest ignorance, grossest superstition and most grievous wickedness prevail. The church herself is in two hostile bands, the Pope of Rome and the Patriarch of Constantinople each claiming supremacy; they hurl anathemas at each other. But a silver star shines through the dark mist, and its light is reflected faintly from the silver vessels of the sacrament. For when we ask both Pope and Patriarch the simple question, "What is your hope of salvation?" they answer alike: "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us." We ask, "Whose mercy?" and each of them replies: "The Son of God who loved *me* and gave himself for *me*." Do you not see, friends, that salvation is one and the same, through all the ages, and in every clime and tongue? The Moravian Brethren went to Greenland in 1733 and labored earnestly for five years in utter failure and discouragement, receiving only the scorn of the people. But one night, as they tell us in their simple narrative, Brother Beck read from the Gospel of Luke, to some natives who had looked in on them, the story of our Saviour's agony in Gethsemane. Then, they say, the Lord opened the heart of one of these visitors named Kayarnak, who stepped up to the table and exclaimed, "How is that? Tell me that again, for I too desire to be saved." Salvation! Oh the joyful sound! 'Twas music in their ears. Kayarnak became a Christian and gained others for Christ. The gospel melted their hearts and in ten years they numbered a hundred and thirty Christians. In the year 1900 the Moravians withdrew

HISTORICAL SERVICE

SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 1, 1914

THE PRAYERS

AND

THE HISTORICAL SERMON

BY

THE REVEREND EDWARD MACARTHUR NOYES

Minister of the Church

PRAYERS AT THE HISTORICAL SERVICE

INVOCATION

REV. ALBERT GEORGE BRYANT

THOU God of infinite love, who for twenty-five decades in this holy place hast taught Thy children the secret of a divine life, we thank Thee for what life means to us.

May these sacred hours now set apart for the commemoration of all that has happened in the complex life that we live be but the inspiration to us to give ourselves with utter abandon to assist Thee in the answering of those inarticulate prayers of Thy children all over Thy world, who at this time out of their infinite pain cry out for brothers who know how to love because they have been near their God. Into this large companionship with Thyself we ask Thee to usher us in these sacred moments, in the name of One Who knew how to love persistently:

Our Father Who art in heaven Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, In earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

PRAYER

REV. WOLCOTT CALKINS, D.D.

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. A thousand years in Thy sight are as yesterday when it is past, as a watch in the night. We praise Thee, we magnify Thy holy name, and we will declare Thy glory throughout all generations.

We come before Thee this morning to consider the years of ancient times, for the multitude of years should teach wisdom; and since Thou hast granted to this beloved church the guidance of men who have loved Thy holy word we come to thank Thee for their services, to recall all their profound teaching, and to follow them as they followed Christ through all these generations.

We bring the two hundred and fifty years of our pilgrimage as a church of God before Thee, and we remember with awe the two hundred and fifty censers which were brought into Thy presence ages ago: O Lord our God, we pour out our thanksgivings before Thee that there has never been any strange fire in the censers from which our worship has ascended to the throne of grace. For the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, steadfastly preached to our fathers, to us, to our children and children's children, by the ten men whom Thou hast called to stand in this place, we praise Thee, we bless Thee, we magnify Thy holy name and we beseech Thee to revive Thy work in the midst of the years. Help us who stand in the holy place proclaiming the everlasting Gospel to remember what we owe to our fathers in the generations that are past; and grant us Thy grace to be faithful to the truth as it has been revealed in Thy holy word, and to remember the injunction of our Pilgrim Fathers to welcome always the light that shall continually break forth from the sacred pages.

Lord, if it please Thee, we humbly beseech Thee speedily to bind Satan, not for a hundred years but for the "thousand years," for the endless generations; we pray for the millennium, for peace with righteousness; defend our country from all conspiracies, from all wars and dissensions, and keep this old church, we beseech Thee, as a citadel of Thy presence and a source of the endless grace of God going forth to all generations.

Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that is working in us, unto Him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.



REV. EDWARD MACARTHUR NOYES

HISTORICAL SERMON

I KINGS xxi: 3—"The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee."

THIS is a just and natural sentiment. Naboth's indignant refusal to sell to king Ahab the home of his fathers is approved by all serious and earnest men. It recognizes the debt of every generation to the past, and the obligation to hand on to its successors the undiminished heritage. There is an old grape-vine in Hampton Court from whose branches Oliver Cromwell and John Milton plucked the purple clusters. It still lives and every autumn is richly laden with abundant fruit. But the vine does not belong to England's king. It is his only to enjoy the grapes, prune the branches, and fertilize the roots. The vine belongs to generations yet unborn. The political and social institutions, the domestic customs, moral and ethical ideals, and the religious faith, by which our lives are moulded, are our inheritance from the fathers. Degenerate sons, indeed, are we, if we fail gratefully to recognize our indebtedness to their fidelity, and our obligation to preserve, maintain, and develop this precious heritage, and hand it on to our children.

As Naboth may have climbed the tower of his vineyard, tempted by the king's offer, and knowing that refusal would be at the hazard of his life, and yet as he looked over the fields made sacred by the toil and sacrifice of his fathers, resolved to die rather

than give them up to royal greed; so this morning, from the eminence of two hundred and fifty years of history, we survey our inheritance in this ancient church. Shall we not realize anew how it has been consecrated by the devotion of eight successive generations, and with loyal hearts declare, "The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee"?

The exact date when the church was organized was July 20, 1664, old style. The summer vacation was unknown to that generation, but the modern annual exodus led us to postpone the observance until this more convenient season. The two hundredth anniversary fell in wartime, in 1864, when there was no heart for historical celebrations, and some doubt whether or not we were to have any more national history to celebrate. But in October, 1889, the two hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary was fittingly observed. So thoroughly and adequately was the history of the church presented in the discourses of Dr. Furber and Mr. Holmes, and the addresses of the other speakers, and so complete and admirable is the volume which records this celebration, that there is no need for me to traverse again this familiar ground. It would be ungracious to weary you with the repetition of the details of our annals. But, while I shall not attempt to trace minutely the history of the church, year by year, or even to describe the successive stages of its growth, I do desire to remind you of certain permanent characteristics. For a church is like an individual whose body is constantly changing, but whose spirit abides the same. The membership of a church is ever being renewed, but its character persists from year to year, in spite of outward changes. Certain traits which were prominent in early days have marked

its whole career, and are still readily discernible. In mechanics we are taught that a body set in motion tends to follow the initial direction in a straight line unless diverted by some new and more powerful force. Those sturdy pioneers who settled these fertile valleys gave to this church an impulse which it has tended to follow. John Fiske has called the years 1783 to 1789 the "Critical Period of American History." The political ideals then adopted have dominated the national development. The early years are apt to be decisive in the life of a man or an institution, determining in large measure the direction of later activities. Our interest in this hour, therefore, is in the study of corporate biography, tracing in the life of this church the development of some of its marked characteristics.

Every biography begins with a sketch of the hero's ancestry. Heredity is appealed to for an explanation of his major impulses. Nor can we hope to understand an institution without some knowledge of the life from which it sprang. Our immediate family history begins in Cambridge. Newton was originally a part of Cambridge, known as Cambridge Village, and from 1639, when the first settler, Dea. John Jackson, set up his home here, until 1660, when the first meeting-house was built, the people went to Cambridge to church, and not until 1661 were they released from paying rates for the support of worship there. We may well be proud of our family relationship to the First Church in Cambridge with its noble history. It was no small privilege to sit under the preaching of the "faithful and famous Shepard" and his successor, the "matchless Mitchel." It is to be remembered that those who organized this church were, for the most part, young people. Of the forty male members,

a few had passed middle life, but most of the heads of families were under forty-five. Thirteen young men, twenty-one years of age or more, joined with their fathers on the day of organization; and one youth, at least, who afterward became a deacon, was only nineteen. The minister, ordained that same day, was only twenty-eight years old. This was from the beginning a church for young people, and especially for young men, and such it has always remained. All these young people had grown up in the Cambridge church, and the learning and piety of the famous men who ministered there must have made its impress upon them.

But while our immediate family history begins in Cambridge, and we can trace the origin of certain recognized influences in the lives of the fathers, we must go much farther afield for the sources of the spirit which animated them, nor shall we be able accurately to locate them amid the transforming mists of time. That is true, in large measure, of course, of every life. Professor Drummond, in his "Ascent of Man," describes the building up of the human body through the long ages, and tells us that the lower orders of nature have each contributed to the completion of the marvelous structure in which we dwell. In like manner, John George Romanes, in his "Mental Evolution in Man," traces the slow development of mind, and emphasizes the gifts which past ages have made to the evolution of the intellect and the storing of its treasures. How infinitely more precious the gifts of those unknown ancestors who contributed to the slow development of our moral and spiritual faculties, the parents of the soul! We believe that God made man in His own image, and that these supreme gifts are His endowment. But, if we are to accept the modern

scientific statements of the methods by which God bestowed His bounty upon us, it fills the soul with a new sense of obligation to the unknown past. In the background of every life moves this vast, invisible company, like the procession of worshippers in Judah's ancient temple on her Feast days, each bearing his gift to lay upon the altar, to enrich and adorn the palace of the soul. Your moral sensitiveness, your judicial temper, your unselfish sympathy, the honesty on which you pride yourself, are due in some measure to the struggles of those unknown progenitors who fought against the beast within and conquered for your sake. An age like ours, restless, prodigal, vehement in its self-confidence, may well give sober recognition to its debt to a more austere and temperate past for the gifts it holds so lightly.

While this is true, in some measure, of every life and every age, it is especially true of the first settlers in this land that they brought hither much of greatest value, whose origin they could not have traced. They came out of lands which had been profoundly moved by vast moral and political forces. They bore in their very blood the distilled essence of a thousand struggles for faith and freedom. Through them martyrs and prophets reached out to these virgin fields to realize here their glowing visions. The early settlers of Newton were of sturdy English stock, as their names bear witness: Clements, Druce, Fuller, Hammond, Hyde, Jackson, Kenrick, Park, Parker, Prentice, Trowbridge, Ward, Williams, Wiswall. How many of these names are interwoven with all our civil and religious history! They were plain, practical folk, almost entirely from the middle class, hardworking, God-fearing, Bible-reading people, eager for a larger opportunity. But they brought with them, perhaps

unconsciously, what Dr. Storrs has called, in one of his great orations, "the power and promise from the greatest age of European advancement." It was in 1664, the very date of the founding of this church, that New Amsterdam was captured by the English and became New York, and the English domination of the colonies was made complete. The metropolis is celebrating this very week the three hundredth anniversary of the beginnings of its commercial life, when Adrian Block built on Manhattan Island its first small vessel, and fitly named it *The Restless*. Glance for a moment at the century that preceded the founding of this church, and the capture of New Amsterdam, from the coronation of Queen Elizabeth in 1558. It saw the flowering of art in southern Europe. It saw Tasso crowned and Galileo imprisoned. Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Titian, Guido Reni, Salvator Rosa and Michael Angelo are among the stars of greater magnitude in its artistic sky. It saw the dome of St. Peter's finished. Cervantes, Calderon, Velasquez and Lope de Vega adorned the annals of Spain during these golden years. In northern Europe, such names as Kepler, Molière, Racine, Pascal, Rubens and Rembrandt, Van Dyke and Claude Lorraine, Spenser, Hooker, Sidney, Milton, Shakspeare, and all the lesser lights of the Elizabethan glory belong to its renown. Descartes and Leibnitz, Newton, Grotius, and Spinoza opened new paths for human thought. What a marvelous era! Before the awakened eyes of humanity new worlds in art, in philosophy, in literature, in commerce, in trade and in political expansion were opening. It was an age to quicken the imagination and stimulate men to great daring and great achievement. Especially did this munificent, heroic century witness the decay of author-

ity and the swift advance of popular power. It was in 1649, only fifteen years before this church was organized, that Charles the First was beheaded, and for the first time in history the English Commons dared to claim supremacy above royalty itself. The "divine right of Kings" was henceforth, for Englishmen, only a memory. Hidden forces suddenly found expression. The settlement of America had expanded the world to the minds of Englishmen. The popular imagination was excited by tales of sea-faring adventure and rich discoveries. Nothing seemed impossible or incredible. Above all it was the age of the Reformation, when religion had become again the supreme interest of men. The immediate privilege and the constant obligation of every man to come to God, without the intervention of priest or ceremony; the assurance of forgiveness through the cross, and the consequent absolute equality of all souls before God; the mighty promises of fellowship with the highest, and the dignity of that humanity to which so unspeakable a right could be granted; these momentous truths came upon the minds of men like a revelation from heaven, and stirred human society to the depths. No longer was the Bible in the hands of scholars alone, but in the homes and hearts of the people, and true to the prophetic description of Jeremiah, the Word of God became a fire and a hammer, shattering the strength of ancient tyrannies, and releasing mighty impulses upon the world.

Such was the century out of whose abundant life the early settlers of this land came. This was their birth-period. Its eager impulses came with them. They brought its vigor, its energy, its open-mindedness to new truth, its confident daring in the undertaking of new enterprises. They came largely because they

represented this spirit; because they felt that there was little hope that it was longer to be the ruling temper of the England they loved; because they preferred the hardships of the wilderness to life in a land where the reaction to civil and religious tyranny held sway. They had dared to go back of ecclesiastical traditions and established hierarchies and adopt the New Testament model for their church organization. But the old world had no welcome for this great ideal of a free church, where all the people are priests, the church of the Acts of the Apostles, of the First Epistle of Peter, and of the Apocalypse. Charles the Second was on the throne in 1664, and some of the founders of this church came directly from England, in search of a spiritual climate more congenial to their souls than England promised under the Restoration.

Coming out from such an era, and trained by such experiences, what manner of men were those who here covenanted to walk together in Christian fellowship, and what are the characteristics of the church they established?

First: We Recall Their Intensity of Religious Conviction.

In his election sermon, 1677, Dr. Increase Mather said: "It was love to God and to Jesus Christ which brought our fathers into this wilderness." President Stiles of Yale College, in 1783, thus stated the historic fact: "It is certain that civil dominion was but the second motive, religion the primary one, with our ancestors in coming hither and settling this land." People who leave home and country for religion's sake usually have pretty definite and positive convictions. Nothing was more characteristic of the Puritans than their fidelity to the truth as they saw it, and their

determination to maintain, defend, and proclaim it, at any cost. The founders of this church were thorough Puritans. They believed much and they believed it strongly. The forms of statement have varied during these two and a half centuries, but through all the philosophical, theological, and political storms of this long period of time, this church has been marked by steadfastness and earnestness of conviction.

The doctrinal belief in the early days was strongly Calvinistic. The Westminster Confession, issued in 1646, was practically adopted by the Congregational churches of England, as their doctrinal symbol, in The Savoy Declaration of 1658; and this, in turn, with slight modifications, was adopted as a statement of faith by The Reforming Synod, in Boston, in 1680. The first article of the Covenant of this church, solemnly renewed, 1770, reads as follows: "Having perused, or heard, the Confession of Faith put forth by the synod of Churches, held in Boston, New England, 1680, we do heartily close in with it, for the substance of it, and promise to stand by, maintain, and (if need be) contend for the faith therein delivered to the people of God, and if any among us should go about to undermine it, we will bear a due testimony against them."

By this phrase, "for the substance of it," they reserved for themselves some liberty of interpretation. We should claim for ourselves a larger liberty, no doubt, in the interpretation of its doctrines, but its essentials still command our assent. Again in 1783, the church, by formal vote, reaffirmed its loyalty to this confession of faith. When the great Unitarian controversy arose, and out of three hundred and sixty-one Congregational churches in Massachusetts,

ninety-six became Unitarian, and thirty more were so nearly so that those who held to the old faith were compelled to withdraw and form new organizations, this church and its daughter in West Newton adhered to the doctrines of the fathers. This is the more remarkable when we remember the strength of the local influence. All the Boston churches but one became Unitarian, and the neighboring churches in Roxbury, Dorchester, Watertown, Waltham, Dedham, Brookline, and Brighton.

In 1828, a committee of three, William Jackson, Elijah F. Woodward, and Asa Cook, presented a report to the church on a case of discipline, in which those members were severely censured who were in the habit of leaving "their own meeting on the Sabbath, go, some of them, to places where the fundamental truths of the gospel, as embraced by this church, are opposed and denied, where they who preach declare there is no need of a radical change of heart, that Christ did not die for our sins, and that he is not God, and that all will be saved, both righteous and wicked." This report was twice read and discussed and then unanimously adopted. There is justice in Dr. Furber's comment, in his historical discourse twenty-five years ago: "It has been said by some that if Dr. Homer had become a Unitarian, he would have carried the church with him. This vote does not look as if he would."

We live in a new world of thought. What shall we say of this Calvinism of our fathers? The historians are ready enough now to praise its political and social influence. David Hume, certainly no partial critic, says that England owes all the liberty she has to the Calvinistic Puritans. James Anthony Froude, in what is perhaps his most familiar essay, has exhibited

the mighty leverage of this faith, lifting the world to new ideals of civil liberty. John Fiske calls the theology of Calvin one of the longest steps mankind ever took towards personal freedom. Lord Macaulay, who hated the Puritans if ever anyone did, says that they were the most remarkable body of men that the world has ever produced. What made them remarkable was their religion, and, in large measure, their Calvinism. However unattractive it may seem to us in many aspects, it was a tremendous power in the creation of the modern world.

But what of it as a system of religious belief, a discipline for the soul? It assuredly made stalwart Christians and bold and profound thinkers. Those who fed on its strong meat were men indeed. No theme was too high or too profound for their discussion. They contended, for example, over different theories of the origin and explanation of sin in a moral universe, a discussion of which Dr. Munger says, in his "Life of Bushnell": "It was a subject which Christ waived; but the New England theologians waived nothing." The constant pondering of weighty themes made not only deep thinkers, but men of strenuous will to carry out what they deemed the divine purpose.

But defective vision and partial and exaggerated statement are inevitable in human systems. The reaction from the rigors of Calvinism was sure to come. I suppose there is nobody in this audience who would subscribe to the five points of Calvinism as John Calvin stated them. We do not hold, as an article of faith, absolute and unconditioned predestination, independent of faith or works on the part of the elect, with reprobation of the rest of mankind, equally without regard to their demerit. We do not believe in a limited atonement, nor accept the compen-

sation theory of its efficacy. We cannot affirm that all men are totally and entirely depraved, with utter inability to all spiritual good, and that infants are as guilty in the eyes of infinite justice as hardened sinners. Nor do we believe that divine grace is irresistible, nor that the saints, unconditionally elected, absolutely purchased by the death of Christ, and irresistibly called by the Holy Spirit, cannot possibly be turned aside from the life of grace and ultimate salvation.

Nevertheless, while these extreme statements of doctrine are repugnant to us, the essential truths of that mighty faith are still our heritage. The iron is in our blood; we cannot ignore it, and would not, if we could. We, too, believe in a mighty God, who works out His sovereign purposes in this world of time, and all our modern scientific advance enlarges our conceptions of His mind and will. We, too, believe in human sin as one of the ultimate facts of life, and in the supreme need of some power greater and higher than ourselves to enter into these poor, weak lives of ours and redeem them. Their statements of the atonement we cannot accept, but in the redemptive love of God, which lifts men out of the mire of sin and selfishness and transforms them into the divine image, we believe as firmly as ever they did. We find the essence of the divine character in love, where they found it in will; we lay greater emphasis on reason in the Godhead than on power; much of their theology seems to us mechanical and some of their speculations absurd and childish, mingled with much that is weighty and worthy; but we cannot forget that through their toil of thought we have entered into our religious conceptions. They who dwell in fertile valleys, enriched by ever-flowing streams, may well recall with gratitude the rugged, snow-covered

heights, where those perennial fountains have their source.

However much we may differ with the fathers in our statements of religious truth, I trust that in these days, as in all the history of this church, we are one with them in holding our views of truth in reasoned and settled conviction, with thorough persuasion and heartfelt avowal. The Puritan spirit does not consist, as we are often reminded, in the correctness of the views of truth which they held, but in the vigor of intellectual grasp and the fidelity of moral commitment with which those conceptions of truth were espoused. In such absolute surrender to the truth as one sees it there is always dignity and power. In their day, the danger was intolerance. In ours, it lies in the tendency to indifference, to hold all truth lightly, and to wear our allegiance to it as an easy yoke. To them, religion was the supreme interest. To know God's purpose and fulfil it was the highest concern. In the careless luxury of our time it is well to remind ourselves of "the unyielding grapple of their tough wills," and gird ourselves anew for steadfast service. We are nurtured in a milder faith than theirs. May we hold it with a like firm conviction and constant devotion.

Second: A Second Characteristic Is the Cordial and enduring Sympathy between the Church and Its Ministers.

Ten ministers have served for two and a half centuries. Seven were ordained here; six labored here during their entire ministry; and seven are buried among the people whom they loved. During all this long period, there is no record of friction or misunderstanding between minister and people.

The first minister, John Eliot, Jr., lived long enough to win all hearts. But it was six years before the church settled his successor, and meanwhile their quarrels and divisions brought upon them the rebuke of the General Court.

Yet when Nehemiah Hobart began his ministry, all parties cordially united under his leadership, and for forty years they lived together in unbroken harmony.

When the third minister was chosen, one of the candidates was Edward Holyoke, afterwards president of Harvard College, but the people preferred the youthful John Cotton. The man who was good enough to be president of Harvard was not good enough to be the minister of the First Church in Newton.

It is evident that Mr. Cotton was very earnestly desired, for the record of the town meeting, March 22, 1714, reads: "John Cotton was chosen by a clear vote, to be their Minister. Voted, his salary to be eighty pounds, and one hundred pounds for his encouragement." Again, in the records of May 10, 1714, "Voted, to give fifty pounds more, for Mr. Cotton's encouragement to settle among us, as our Pastor, besides the one hundred pounds before voted. Also voted, to add to his salary at any time, and from time to time, such further supplies as he shall stand in need of, for his honourable support." Mr. Cotton was "encouraged" by these marks of confidence to accept the call, and he must have been still more encouraged when the whole town came out in procession to welcome him, a youth of twenty-one. The ministry so auspiciously begun was greatly blessed for forty-two years. In 1728-29, fifty members were added within four months, and, in 1741-42, one hundred and four were received during ten months. Edward Jackson

in 1681 bequeathed to Cambridge Village about thirty-one and a half acres of land, which, he says, "shall be for the use of the Ministry in this Village forever." In 1740 Deacon John Staples left by will, "to the Church of Christ, in Newton, seventeen acres of land for and towards the support of the ministerial fire." I have been interested in the history of that ministerial wood-lot. I find that the Baptists in 1793 petitioned for a part of the wood for their minister, and their request was declined. Then the Second Church wanted some of it, and received one-third. But in 1805 the wood was cut and sold for one hundred dollars, which sum went into the building-fund for the new meeting-house.

But if the town and the people thus treated their ministers generously, their spiritual leaders met them in the same spirit. In his acceptance of their call to the pastorate, Jonas Meriam wrote, in 1758: "And as, on the one hand, I desire no more for my support than will enable me to live comfortably, and to discharge the duties of my station without too much wordly encumbrance; so, on the other, I doubt not that I may depend on your liberality in case of need, for such further assistance as you shall judge necessary for my comfort. But my chief concern is, that I may be made an instrument of turning many to righteousness, so that you and I may have abundant reason to rejoice together in mutual edification here, and everlasting fellowship hereafter."

When Jonathan Homer was called, in 1781, the parish voted two hundred pounds to "encourage Mr. Homer to settle in the ministry," but he afterwards "generously relinquished fifty pounds of the same, for which the Parish voted him thanks." In his letter accepting the call to the pastorate, Dr. Homer expressed

the hope "that Heaven will excite and enable you and me, uniformly and faithfully, to fulfil our various mutual duties." His peaceful and fruitful ministry of fifty-seven years, the longest in our history, bears witness how richly that hope was fulfilled. Rev. James Bates served as colleague with Dr. Homer for eleven years, and was dismissed the same day. He was almost morbidly conscientious and self-distrustful, and apparently was unwilling to undertake alone the responsibilities of the parish.

William Bushnell, who followed them, stayed but four years, but I cannot find that there was any lack of cordiality between him and the church. During his ministry Eliot Church was formed, taking thirty-four of our members, among them some of the most active and efficient, and Deacon William Jackson, the leading man not only in the church, but in the town. This church was left so weak and discouraged that the question of its continuance was raised, and Mr. Bushnell left, so far as is now known, because he had lost courage and had little hope for the future of the church.

Of the ministry of Dr. Furber for thirty-five years, during which the meeting-house was twice enlarged, and the chapel built and extended; and of Mr. Holmes, for ten years, I need not speak. There are many here who can bear witness to the affectionate relations between these ministers and the church, and of the loving remembrance in which they are held. This unbroken tradition of affectionate and cordial co-operation between the church and its ministers, with no trace of mutual suspicion, distrust, or alienation, is a unique and precious heritage.

*Third: A Third Characteristic of this Church Is Its
Charity for Those of Other Faiths.*

Tolerance was not a common virtue with the Puritans. Intensity and narrowness have a mutual relation. While the Pilgrims of Plymouth were tolerant far in advance of their age, the Puritans of Boston and vicinity were as zealous advocates of uniformity as those from whose tyranny they had fled. They treated the Quakers with severity, and drove Roger Williams into exile. But the Quakers of that day were a trying people to live with.

It was in 1648 that George Fox began to preach in England his doctrine of the "Inner Light," that God speaks directly to each soul for guidance not only in religion, but in all human affairs. It was "opened" to him, to use his own phrase, that many of the accepted doctrines of the Puritans were not true. He declared that all clergy were man-made and without authority, that whoever received the inward light might preach, when and where he pleased. No wonder that churches, supported by the compulsory payment of taxes, called him a revolutionist. He also condemned the established usages of society, forbade oaths in court, the bearing of arms, the observance of holidays, all adornment of dress, and all games and sports. Some of his followers, who lacked his deep piety and good sense, claimed the authority of an immediate revelation for doctrines that startled and shocked the world, even teaching that in their innocence they might go naked in the streets. The wildest and most fanatical views were heralded by excited and unbalanced minds. Small wonder that the people of New England, who heard of all this din and stir across the water, had a cold welcome for the Quakers when

they came. Nor did their behavior invite a sympathetic hearing.

One of them went into the Old South Church in Boston one Sunday and broke two bottles, saying to the minister as he did it, "Thus shall the Lord break you." They were very different from the Quakers of later generations. I have no doubt that we should find them difficult to deal with now.

As for Roger Williams, he was banished not because he was a Baptist, for he did not become a Baptist until later, but because he was a cantankerous and rebellious citizen, so loyal to his conscience that he would do what he thought was right regardless of consequences. He was accurately described by John Quincy Adams as "conscientiously contentious."

Dr. Jefferson reminds us that a new and small community cannot treat such a man with amused tolerance. "He would cause us no concern to-day. The ship of state has become an ocean liner, and all sorts of Roger Williamses can jump and run upon the deck . . . while the old ship drives steadily onward, unmoved by the antics of a few unbalanced passengers. But in 1635 Massachusetts was a little row-boat on an angry and dangerous sea. . . . Finding all their counsels and their prayers in vain they told him he must get into another boat and allow them to go on without him."¹

I suppose that the people of Newton would have been no more tolerant than the people of Boston in those early days, but happily there was no occasion to test their temper in this respect. But when the Baptist Church was formed here in 1780, and the

¹Sermon on "The Puritans of New England," December 20, 1903, by Charles E. Jefferson, D.D.

other denominations followed in due time, the old church was ready to give them cordial welcome.

One of the pleasantest things in our history is the life-long friendship between Dr. Homer and Father Grafton of the Baptist Church, and it is fitting that Homer and Grafton streets, in close proximity, should preserve their names. It is pleasant to think of Father Grafton dismissing his congregation on the Sunday after the death of Dr. Homer's only son, in order that he might come and sit in the pulpit with his afflicted friend and offer a prayer of consolation.

A similar friendship existed between Dr. Furber and Dr. Hovey, the president of Newton Theological Institution. Collegemates at Dartmouth, they spent their lives together side by side, in delightful fellowship, to which their different denominational loyalty was no barrier. Professor Stearns and Professor Hackett were also close friends of Dr. Furber, and the latter was his companion when he went to Europe. At Mrs. Furber's funeral, Dr. Stearns sat with his arm about Dr. Furber, as if to sustain him in his great sorrow.

The last public address which Dr. Furber made was in the Baptist Church, in memory of the late Dr. S. F. Smith, at the dedication of the chime of bells, and it was a fitting tribute to his memory that the chimes were rung as his funeral procession passed the building. The delightful spirit of Christian co-operation between the churches, which is such a marked feature of the religious life of this community, is due in no small measure to the spirit of tolerance and Christian love, which actuated the ministers of this Church, and which, through their teaching, the people have cherished.

*Fourth: A Fourth Characteristic of the Church Has
Been Its Missionary Interest and Activity.*

Perhaps this was partly due to the impetus given by the first minister, John Eliot, Jr. He had preached among the Indians and was much beloved by them, and had assisted his father, the famous apostle to the Indians, in the preparation of the Indian Bible. After he was settled here he often preached to the neighboring tribes. Dr. Hobart, the second pastor, was related to David Brainerd, the famous missionary.

Rev. Joseph Park, great-grandson of one of our earliest members, went as a missionary to the Indians at Westerly, Rhode Island. Abigail Williams, granddaughter of one of the early deacons, married John Sergeant, a missionary to the Housatonic Indians, and their son gave his life to the same cause. Rev. Increase Sumner Davis went into home mission work in New Hampshire. In later years, we have sent out Harriet N. Childs to central Turkey, where Mary Isabella Ward now continues her work; Bertha Robertson to Georgia, Alice Estelle Clark to Tennessee, Lena Lindeman to North Dakota, where she married Joseph Ward, a teacher in the Indian school at Oahe, and Sarah L. Smith, now Mrs. Capt. Garland, to Micronesia. Two daughters of Deacon Samuel Ward are now in the Japan mission, Mrs. Lombard and Mrs. Dunning, where Rev. Edward S. Cobb, a son of Rev. William H. Cobb, D.D., of our membership, is a fellow-worker. For many years Langdon S. Ward, treasurer of the American Board, was a deacon of this church. Of his children, Paul taught for a time at Robert College; Mary Isabella Ward and Dr. Edwin St. John Ward are in the Turkish Empire; Ruth and Laura are in China; Earl Ward has also served for a time in the Turkish mission, and Mark

Ward is now under appointment to the same field. Miss Anna Cobb is now teaching in a mission school at Hindman, Kentucky. Dr. George M. Boynton of the Sunday-school Society, Rev. Frank L. Ferguson of the Education Society, and other secretaries have made their home with us, and we now number among our members, Dr. James L. Barton of the American Board, and Dr. William Ewing and Rev. Parris T. Farwell of the Sunday-school Society. Mrs. Capron, once a missionary in India, formerly was in our membership and Mrs. T. Snell Smith, from the Ceylon mission, now abides with us.

The missionary spirit has thus been fostered by personal relations with many missionaries and missionary leaders. As early as 1826 a child was adopted in Ceylon, bearing the name of Jonathan Homer, and another in the Choctaw nation, named for Mrs. Homer. Thus early did the church begin to have its own representatives on mission soil, a policy which it still maintains. Rev. Otis Cary, D.D., and Mrs. Cary are our official representatives in Japan, and Miss Diantha L. Dewey in Turkey. We have had as many as five missionaries and Bible readers at work at the same time in foreign fields, supported by this church and the ladies connected with it. If the gifts for missions during the life of the church could be tabulated, the total would be a very large sum. They have amounted to nearly \$150,000 in the last twenty years. It is a great blessing for a church to have the missionary spirit impressed upon it at the beginning, and to be kept in vital touch with mission work through living representatives. We shall be false, indeed, to our history and traditions, if we ever cease to pray and labor for Christian missions at home and abroad.

The close connection of this church with the founding of two of our missionary societies demands a passing notice. The third deacon of this church was Isaac Williams. His grandson, Elisha, was rector of Yale College. Another grandson, Col. Ephraim, founded Williams College, where the American Board was prayed into existence at the haystack meeting. It is hardly too much to say that the beginnings of our greatest missionary society were in the farmhouse of Deacon Isaac Williams and his good wife, Judith Cooper, in their godly life and earnest prayers. But our connection with the American Missionary Association is more direct. Deacon William Jackson was one of the most active in its formation and was its first president, holding that office for eight years.

Fifth: The Mention of These Two Deacons Reminds Us of Another Feature of Our Church Life—The Number of Able and Energetic Laymen Who Have Served in It.

Especially has it had a remarkable succession of deacons, and one might well covet a place in that famous line. Perhaps the most remarkable was William Jackson. Interested in every good cause, he organized the first temperance society in town, in 1826, and advocated the unpopular reform to such good effect that the majority of the voters became total abstainers and sent Deacon Jackson to the General Court as representative. Becoming convinced that Free Masonry was unduly influencing both the courts and the legislature, he became a strong Anti-Mason, and as such was twice elected to Congress. In Washington, he became familiar with the evils of slavery and was ever after an earnest abolitionist. But his energies were not all directed to crusades against

evil. He was the moving spirit in securing railroad facilities for the community, and was the man always sought as the leader in any public enterprise.

Almost equally influential for good in every direction was Elijah F. Woodward, whose descendants still dwell within the old homestead, the eighth generation to live under the shelter of its roof. Chorister, superintendent of the Sunday-school, deacon from his twenty-eighth year until his death, town clerk and treasurer, teacher and surveyor, a man universally trusted and beloved, at his death the whole community turned out to do him honor. With them are associated the names of Luther Paul and Asa Cook, of whom it is enough to say that they were worthy to stand in such company. And these men are but illustrations of that great company of able and devoted men who have served this church, and who continue to this day.

*Sixth: Another Marked Characteristic of This Church
Has Been Its Care for Children and Youth.*

I have called attention to the large proportion of young men among the charter members. During the ministry of Rev. John Cotton, he was the leader of the young men of the town, who formed a society for debate, mutual improvement, and religious study. In the latter part of his ministry, during a time of special interest, he records that more than three hundred young people had called upon him to talk about their personal salvation. Young people from neighboring towns came hither for instruction and inspiration. Forty years later, when Dr. Homer was invited at the same time to the Old South Church, Boston, and to this church, he chose to come here for two reasons: first, because this church was ready to abandon the

"half-way covenant" and the other was not; and second, because, as he says, "I have noticed the diligent and solemn attention of the people, and especially the youth of this place, to the public services of religion, in which I have seldom, if ever, found them equaled elsewhere. This is a circumstance of my call which I cannot resist, and would prefer to every other possible consideration."

A class for Bible study was formed here twenty years before Robert Raikes started the first Sunday-school, and all the early pastors were faithful in catechising and instructing the children of the parish. Jonas Meriam records that he had a list of over eight hundred baptized children for whose welfare he was solicitous. To-day, the heart of our church life is to be found in the Bible-school, and the most attractive feature of our public worship is the presence of an unusual number of children and young people.

*Seventh: The Last Characteristic which I Shall Mention
Is the Influence of Consecrated Womanhood.*

The thoughts of some of the older people will immediately turn to that beautiful and gracious woman who presided with so much dignity in the home of Dr. Furber, and whose portrait fittingly adorns the wall of our chapel. Eminent in all good works, extending her influence through her benefactions to the destitute in the southern and western states and in foreign lands, the friend of all who were in trouble, the comforter of those in sorrow, the counsellor of the perplexed, her memory is cherished in many distant homes and grateful hearts.

But Mrs. Furber was only one in that succession of noble women, who not only in the parsonage, but in so many homes of this parish, have given witness

to the beauty of holiness. Dr. Furber's memorial discourse gives in some detail the history of Mrs. Anna Pope, a notable "mother in Israel," who lived to the age of one hundred and four years, and exerted a wide influence. Such women as the three daughters of Dea. Isaac Williams, the daughters of Rev. Nehemiah Hobart, and Dr. John Cotton; of Deacon Jackson and Deacon Woodward, have been the ornaments of our history and a chief source of the influence of this church. Nor has the goodly succession failed. The strength of this church, as of all our churches, is largely in its consecrated womanhood. The women of the church still pray and labor for its usefulness, and the evidence of their devotion is seen in the furnishings of this house wherein we worship.

As I have studied the history of these two hundred and fifty years, I have been more and more impressed by the cumulative influence of a Christian church. Reflect for a moment on what this church has meant:

First, to this community: It has stood here as a witness to the unseen, lifting its head above the turbid stream of daily life, and binding all its activities into union with the eternal verities. At every crisis of human life, the church lays its hand in benediction on the sons of men. Children are brought before its altars and dedicated in parental consecration to the service of God and their fellow men in the sacred rite of baptism. Here the romance of youth is crowned by the marriage ceremony and the blessing of God is invoked upon the new home set up in His name. In the hour of sorrow and the heart's desolation, the church brings the consolations of God which are neither few nor small. And when the brief day of life is over, it is hither that the precious dust is borne,

and the voice of the church reminds us of the city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. There are many more present here to-day than are visible to our mortal eyes. The great company of godly men and women who have worshipped here in bygone days are bringing to us their testimony, if we could but hear it, that they have sought and found help in the sanctuary of God. Truly we are encompassed by a great cloud of witnesses.

Second, to the nation: The best gift that a nation can receive is the gift of men and women for her service. One of the ministers who grew up in this church was the Rev. Jonas Clark of Lexington, a leading spirit among those ministers who did so much to prepare the public mind for the revolutionary struggle. One of his daughters married the president of Columbia College, and another was the wife of the professor of divinity at Harvard. More than half the male membership of the church fought in the Revolutionary War, and, when the land was rent by civil strife, their sons were not found wanting. The courage and patriotism of Col. Michael Jackson and his gallant company were matched by the devotion of Serg. Maj. Charles Ward, Capt. Joseph Cousens, and their comrades in 1861.

But the gifts to the state in times of peace have been even greater than such costly sacrifices upon the altar of patriotism in the time of war. Among the descendants of the early families are three judges, two members of Congress, a large number of authors, four college professors, three professors in theological seminaries, five college presidents, twenty-five ministers of the gospel, and twenty-four ministers' wives.

What a contribution to the history of the nation was made by that wonderful family of our third

deacon, Isaac Williams. His son, Rev. William Williams, married the daughter of the minister, John Cotton, and went to Hatfield, where he preached for fifty-five years. One of *his* sons was Rev. Solomon Williams, D.D., who was minister in Lebanon, Connecticut, for more than fifty years, and whose son, William, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Another son of the Hatfield minister was Rev. Elisha Williams, rector of Yale College. A son of the Lebanon minister went to East Hartford and preached there more than fifty years. Here are three generations of ministers, each of whom remained in one parish for more than half a century. The grandson of our Deacon Williams, Colonel Ephraim Williams, provided in his will for the establishment of Williams College. In the direct line of descent from the good deacon are also such famous people as Rev. Joseph Buckminster, D.D., and his son, Joseph, noted New England ministers; Judge Theodore Sedgewick and his daughter, Catherine Maria Sedgewick, the authoress; President Mark Hopkins of Williams, and his brother, Albert; Mrs. E. W. Blatchford of Chicago; Mrs. E. S. Mead, former president of Mount Holyoke, and many others. Who can estimate the power of the influences for the higher life of the nation that had their origin in that one godly household?

Professor Park (who was himself descended from Nathan Park, the first person received into the church by Dr. Homer), in his famous sermon on "The Indebtedness of the State to The Clergy," quotes Sir. Thomas Fowell Buxton as saying, at the close of his great career, "Whatever I have done in my life for Africa, the seeds of it were sown in my heart in Wheeler Street Chapel." None of us, probably, has ever heard of Wheeler Street Chapel. The humble min-

ister who preached there is unknown to fame. But the work of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton is known throughout the world. Many another man has wrought mightily for the welfare of the nation and of mankind, whose aspirations were awakened here in this village church, and whose life was nourished and strengthened by waters from this ancient fountain.

We have usually from twenty-five to forty boys and girls away at college. Almost all of them have received the seal of Christ and His church before they leave their homes. A constant stream of young men and women, trained by the home, the school, and the church for the highest service, thus flows steadily out to join the broad river of the world's life. We have our representatives to-day in all parts of our own land, in Canada, in South America, and across the seas. Our hope and constant prayer is that everywhere they may remain true to the ideals they have here adopted, and may bear a good witness for Jesus Christ. To equip and supply such leadership in state and church is a service to the nation which cannot be estimated.

Third, to the world: Our lines have gone out to all the earth and our sons and daughters to the ends of the world. To-day they are bearing gifts for the healing of the nations which they themselves have plucked from the tree of life. As so many of our choicest youth have gone into the sacred ministry at home and abroad in bygone days, may we still continue to furnish leaders in that high and holy calling.

But besides the gift of men and women, trained for service, the church serves the world chiefly by her insistence upon the highest ideals of personal, social, and national life. We are beholding in these days a most impressive and depressing exhibition of the in-

fluence of ideals upon national life. Half the world is enduring the horrors of war because false conceptions of national greatness have been persistently taught. In the redemption of humanity, individual righteousness was the first goal to be won. That has so far been attained that, at least, the New Testament ethical ideal is now universally accepted as the standard of conduct. Next in order comes social righteousness, and we have made great strides in that direction, until now the ideal of society is far more clearly recognized and far more widely accepted than ever before. If you ask what part the church has had in bringing these things to pass, just imagine for a moment that these New England hills had been dotted for the last two centuries and a half with Mohammedan mosques or Buddhist temples instead of the white churches of our fathers, and try to picture the society that would have grown up about them. Can anyone bring himself to believe that we should have to-day the ideals of personal conduct, of civic righteousness and of national freedom and justice which are now the very breath of our nostrils? But, while so much has been won, the nations have only just begun to realize that in international relations the same law of righteousness must be applied as in personal relations. It is the great opportunity and the momentous obligation of the Christian church now to insist, with trumpet voice, upon the practice in international behavior of those ideals which shall ultimately bring a lasting and righteous peace to all the earth.

How great is the power of transmitted life! Jesus left no book and organized no institution. But He gathered a company of disciples and filled them with the life of God. They went forth and kindled the divine fire in the hearts of thousands. Down through

the generations that life has been transmitted, in that holy succession which goes back to the Lord of Life Himself. The beginnings of this church are not to be sought in that devoted company who here established their free government in church and state two centuries and a half ago, nor even in that creative and germinant era which preceded their coming to these shores, but in the life-giving soul of Christ, our Lord. We stand here, then, in a holy succession. As we have received the gift, it is ours to hand it on with undiminished power, and in the new and marvelous openings of Providence in this era, to be as ready as our fathers were to serve our day and generation in the fear of God. When England faltered for a moment, in the early days of the last century, the poet Wordsworth recalled his countrymen to worthy endeavor in such words as these:

. "In our halls is hung
Amoury of the invincible knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spoke; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held. In everything we are sprung
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold."

So this record summons us to worthy living. Let others forget, if they will, their high calling, and give themselves to selfish ease or sinful indulgence, but not we! *Noblesse oblige!* Whenever any Ahab seeks to tempt us to unworthy surrender, may our hearts cry out in passionate devotion, "The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee!"

BIBLE SCHOOL SERVICE
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 1, 1914

BIBLE SCHOOL SERVICE

THE detailed history of the school had been so thoroughly given at the anniversary twenty-five years ago, and so carefully recorded in the commemorative volume, that it was decided not to make the Bible-School Service, held at 3.30 o'clock Sunday afternoon, one of historical reminiscence. The Value and Importance of the Lord's Day was, therefore, chosen as the central theme, and different aspects of its observance were discussed in brief addresses. Tickets of admission were sent to the various Sunday-schools of the city, and the church was well filled with children and young people. The choir sang the responsive anthem, "Come, ye children, unto me," by Maunder, Mrs. S. W. Wilder taking the solo part, so effectively that they were urged to repeat it at a subsequent Sunday service. Mrs. G. W. Ulmer, Jr., with her cornet, led the singing of the hymns, and the fresh young voices joined in the stirring and familiar tunes with youthful enthusiasm. Mr. Charles E. Kelsey, the superintendent, presided, and introduced the speakers.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

BY MR. CHARLES E. KELSEY, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE
BIBLE SCHOOL OF THE FIRST CHURCH OF NEWTON

THERE are thirty-nine churches in Newton to-day, and we have invited the boys and girls of all of these churches to come here this afternoon and take a part in this celebration of our two hundred and fiftieth birthday, and we welcome you most cordially.

I would like to ask each one here to put themselves in the frame of mind that a man has when he comes home

after being away from home for a great many years, and to think of this church as your old home, the home that you may have left a great many years ago, and that you have come back to rejoice in the old age and vigor of your old home life.

Anyone of us who walks up and down the streets of Newton must be impressed with the character of the community; that this is a peaceful town; that this is an orderly town, and that the life of the families and the boys and girls and all the life of the town is sweet and clean. And may we not ask, just for a moment, why is this community so attractive? Why do people that live in Boston and elsewhere want to come to Newton to live? I have been over this country somewhat, and I have never yet found a community so attractive, so desirable from every standpoint in which to live as the city of Newton, and why is it? Is it not because of the influence of the churches and the schools upon the life of this community? I don't think any man here, or any man in this city, would have any one of the churches removed, or any one of the schools removed, or that any one regrets that this church was organized two hundred and fifty years ago; and if the life of this community is sweetened and enriched because of the churches and schools, it is the result of the beginnings of that influence two hundred and fifty years ago.

This church has striven to be useful to every part of Newton. We have tried, all these two hundred and fifty years, to help other churches to start, and to be useful, and when you look back at this old church of two hundred and fifty years, still young and vigorous, give the old church and the old church ideas a little credit for what Newton is to-day.

You know this is a very old church, boys. You think of the Declaration of Independence being a long way back, the very beginning of things, but this church was one hundred and twelve years old when the Declaration of Independence was signed. This church lived one hundred and twelve years before that time and has been

growing ever since. We go back to the very beginning of things in this old church, but we have the same Bible, the same purposes, the same opportunities for service, as we had two hundred and fifty years ago.

In this Bible school of ours, we try to do three things: First to establish the habit of going to church, and, do you know, the worst opponents we have are the parents. The second is to observe the Sabbath day right, and the third is to teach the ideals of Christ. Our topic this afternoon is the second one, "How Should We Observe the Sabbath Day?" Our first speaker is the pastor of this old church, Mr. Noyes:

ADDRESS: SUNDAY IN THE PAST

By REV. EDWARD MACARTHUR NOYES, NEWTON CENTRE

IF WE go back far enough in the past, to the very beginning of Sunday observance, we find the early Christians keeping the day in memory of the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. The Jewish Sabbath was a day of rest. Its basis was that "God rested on the seventh day and hallowed it." The Christian Sunday was a day of life. Its basis was the victory of Christ over death. It was a day to be given not alone to rest from ordinary labor, but to the building up of the new life, and to Christian service. It became, then, one of the marks of a disciple that he kept the day. In the days of persecution, the Roman officer demanded of the accused whether or not he kept the day. And if he answered boldly, "I am a Christian, I cannot fail to keep it," that confession sent him to a martyr's death.

No one was worthy, in those early days, of the great name of "Christian," if he failed to "remember the Lord's Day." It was a test of a Christian then; it is one test of a Christian now. And it was not easy to keep Sunday then. Many of these early disciples were slaves. All of them were poor. The Roman writer, Pliny, tells us how they kept

Sunday. Although they had to work, as on any other day, they managed to meet before daylight, to sing a hymn or two together in praise of Christ, their Lord, and to share in the Lord's Supper. Then they renewed their vows to live in obedience to His will, and went out to their tasks.

A new day dawned in 321, when the Emperor Constantine made Sunday a day of rest and worship throughout the Roman Empire. But as the church grew rich and strong, festivals and feast days were multiplied until Sunday was almost lost amid so many holy-days. It was like printing a page with all the letters capitals. It was impossible to keep so many days sacred, and the result was that all were alike neglected.

The Reformation, especially in England, brought a new observance of the Lord's Day. The Puritans, especially, carried their reform so far that the people were greatly dissatisfied with the stopping of their games and pleasures on Sundays. James I, in 1618, issued "The Book of Sports" in which he named the amusements and pastimes which were to be allowed after church-time. One of the reasons why the Pilgrims emigrated to this country was because neither in England nor in Holland could they keep the Lord's Day in accordance with their conscience. So Bryant sings in one of his poems of

"The pilgrim bands who crossed the sea to keep
Their Sabbath in the eye of God alone
In His wide temple of the wilderness."

The people who founded this church kept the Lord's Day with great strictness. All work stopped at three o'clock on Saturday in order that they might be ready for the following day. All the farm-work and the housework was arranged so that as little as possible would need to be done on Sunday. There were three church services and they were long, and would seem tedious nowadays. The meeting-house was bare and cold. Even in winter there was no fire. The people stood up during the long prayer. The seats were on hinges, and were lifted up when the people

stood. When they sat down again, the seats came down with a bang. The boys sat by themselves, and there was a tithing-man to keep them in order. He did not always succeed. They ate their lunches at noon in a warm noon-house, and then came back into the cold church for the afternoon service. There was no Bible school in the early days, but the children were carefully taught in the homes and were catechized by the minister when he called.

I am afraid that the boys and girls of to-day would find such a Sunday as our great grandfathers had a very trying ordeal. We have changed the observance of Sunday very much since the early days. But we must remember that it was the conscience and fidelity, the reverence and faith of our ancestors that have preserved for us our civil and religious liberty. If we study the map of the world, we shall find that the Sabbath-keeping lands and those alone are the lands where civil and religious liberty have flourished.

We must not think that the Puritans' Sabbath was altogether stern and forbidding. The mother of the household gathered her children about her before the open fire in the late Sunday afternoons, and told them the great stories of the Bible; and together they learned hymns and psalms. Many of the strongest men of our nation have looked back in after years to such fireside scenes as most important in shaping their characters and destiny.

We cannot bring back the Sunday of the past. But we can take care that we shall not lose that which was most precious in it; its quiet, its peace, its freedom from labor, its spirit of worship, and its emphasis upon the family life. We can remember that from the beginning it has been a day for the building up of the new life in Christ; a day of joy, of thinking the best thoughts, reading the best books, singing the best songs, and doing deeds of kindness and charity, as well as a day of worship and of prayer. And to-day, as in the early ages, we can answer, "I am a Christian, I cannot fail to keep the Lord's Day."

ADDRESS: SUNDAY IN THE PRESENT

BY MR. ALLAN C. EMERY, PRESIDENT OF THE Y. M.
C. A. OF NEWTON

I WANT to tell you a story about two Newton boys. On a beautiful Sunday morning, like this, a certain boy rushes down stairs and grabs the comic supplement of the Sunday paper and busies himself until breakfast time. After breakfast, his dad takes him and the other members of the family on an automobile ride, sometimes for all day and sometimes home for dinner. If at home in the afternoon, he takes a spin on his bicycle and plays games with some of the boys. Bedtime finds him tired but happy.

The other boy has been taught to begin the day by telling Jesus that he loves Him and to ask Him to make him a good boy and later on a good man. He puts on the finishing touches to his Sunday-school lesson and after breakfast goes with his father and mother to church. He knows little that is said for he may be looking over his Sunday-school lesson or at some other book. He knows not why he's there, he goes because his parents go. At Sunday-school, he has a good time for he meets the other boys and has learned his lesson. After dinner, his dad may take him for a walk in the woods or with a good book he may while away a happy hour or two. A few good hymns about the piano or stories before the open fire make glorious the twilight hour. I forgot the Sunday afternoon treat which dad or mother does not forget to provide. With bedtime come more stories and a happy and contented boy enters the land of dreams.

A few years later, I can see the first boy hustling out on a Sunday morning with his golf clubs, or his tennis racquet, or in his automobile, bent on a good time, a day at the club. Should it rain, the Sunday paper gets more attention, or a game of chess or cards to while away the time. Anything for a good time, on the principle "the better the day the better the deed."

The second boy is on his way to church as a matter of habit. He seems to have absorbed into his mind that "bodily exercise profiteth little but Godliness is profitable unto all things." He is a very busy young man during the week for he is a fine athlete. His tennis, ball and other sports, as well as his studies, take much of his time. Sunday to him must be a day of rest, and then he has learned that he not only has a body and a mind, but he has a soul, which must be developed. He has continued in the Sunday-school and now has a class for which he works and studies. He is a member of the Young People's Society and the Y. M. C. A., and later becomes an officer of the church. He has learned to let his light shine and to be helpful to others, because Sunday, to him, is a day of rest and preparation for a Godly life.

Which of the two boys will make the best citizen? Suppose every one was like the first boy and never went to church, where would the church be to-day and what would be the future of our country?

There has been quite a departure from the old blue laws; we have gone far to the other extreme. In many of our American cities, crowds attend Sunday baseball games, theatres and other places of amusement. In our own city, we have Sunday golf, tennis and moving pictures, and other pastimes common on week days. We see, however, a trend back to a more strict observance of the Lord's Day. Labor organizations are working for one rest day in seven and on the continent, where shops are open seven days, an effort is being made to close one day in the week.

How did Jesus keep the Sabbath? He visited the sick and healed them, opened blind eyes and saved sinners. He attended the House of God and spent time in prayer and in the study of God's word. Can we do any better than to follow in His footsteps? I doubt if we shall make any great headway in keeping this holy day unless we first learn to love Him, who died on the cross that we might live, and who rose from the dead on the Sabbath day and ever liveth to make intercession for us.

I well remember seeing a little baby boy sitting on the floor, playing with his blocks. He was very busy, making all kinds of things, which he called men and houses, when his fond mother, who was watching, said, "Nobody loves mother." With that, the little fellow looked up into his mother's face with an expression of deepest love, but said nothing. Thereupon, the mother said again, "Nobody loves mother." The baby looked into his mother's face, with his hands still on the blocks, for he was very busy, and said, "Baby loves mother." Still that was not sufficient for the hungry heart of the mother, who said once more, "Nobody loves mother." With that, the little fellow dropped his blocks and ran to his mother and climbed up into her arms. Putting his arms around her neck and nestling his little face close to hers, he said, with his whole heart, "Baby loves mother."

Do you love Jesus like that? If so, I am sure you will show your love for Him by keeping His commandments, not the least of which is "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

ADDRESS: SUNDAY AROUND THE WORLD

BY REV. JAMES L. BARTON, D.D., LL.D., FOREIGN
SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS

THERE are several different Sabbath days observed among the different religions of the world. The Mohammedans keep Friday as their holy day, the day in which they assemble in their mosques where special services are held and where, usually, sermons are given. While the day is not wholly free from labor it is regarded as the sacred day of Mohammedanism and is kept with more or less strictness by the 200,000,000 Mohammedans of the world.

The Jews keep Saturday, and wherever Jews are found—and they are found in nearly all parts of the world, even

in America—Saturday is their day of worship, their holy day in which they refrain from labor and give themselves more or less to their religious life.

The Christians keep Sunday, and wherever the missionaries have gone they have taught the sacredness of the day and the importance of its being kept as the Lord's day and devoted to religious thought and religious practices and worship.

The different pagan peoples, while they do not have a regular day, have many feast days and holy days, aggregating together far more than the total of the Christian Sundays. Among some peoples nearly one-half the year is devoted to holy days, which become largely holidays, days of feasting and celebration, of religious processions, and of exercises in the heathen temples.

It is not an easy thing for a Christian in heathen lands to keep the Sabbath day, when all about him work is going on as usual, and he, by refraining from work and attending public worship, makes himself out to be a peculiar person, a follower of a peculiar religion, and even exposes himself to ridicule and persecution. But, more than this, many Christians in mission lands cannot command their own time. They are laborers; some of them are almost slaves—at least serfs—and so are under the command and control of the one over them. It is often impossible for an earnest Christian to refuse to work without bringing disaster upon himself and his family.

It is instructive, however, in spite of all these conditions, to see how faithfully the Christians in Japan and in China, in India and in Turkey, keep and observe the Sabbath day. In many places they put Christians in America to shame by the way in which they refrain from secular duties and labors and devote the day to purely Christian work. I myself was criticised in the heart of Kurdistan by one of the earnest Christian evangelists for cleaning my finger nails on Sunday morning. The evangelist very quietly asked me if I would be willing not to let others see me do that, since it would give the impression that I was

not a strict observer of the Sabbath. Many Christians endure great persecution in order to keep the day sacred and to devote it wholly to Christian service and work.

It is interesting to see how the day has been adopted by some of the Eastern nations as a government holiday. Most of the government offices in Japan and China are closed on Sunday, although this is not done for religious purposes; it is done because the people know that Sunday is a legal holiday among the Christian countries of the West and they wish to put themselves into sympathetic relations with the great western Christian nations. Most of the government schools are closed on Sunday, and if one to-day is in the capital of the Japanese empire, Tokyo, or in Peking, China, or in other great cities of those two countries, he will find a marked difference between Sunday and the ordinary week-day.

Certainly the Christian Sabbath in some form is encircling the world, with its sacred influence and with its constant reminder of Jesus Christ Who rose from the dead and sits upon the Throne with the Father as reigning Lord and Master of men. The importance of the day cannot be over estimated. Any people in non-Christian lands who cease to observe it quickly lose their Christian faith and slip back into their original paganism. Much emphasis is put upon the importance of the day, and as the day extends throughout the pagan world in a corresponding degree extend the principles and doctrines and life taught and practised and lived by Jesus Christ among men. It is, indeed, the Lord's day, from which the emphasis on its importance cannot be removed, "The Day" that is winning its way among the nations of the world.

ADDRESS: SUNDAY IN THE FUTURE

BY REV. JASON NOBLE PIERCE OF THE SECOND CHURCH,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

IT IS a pleasure to be present on this happy occasion and to bring you greetings from the Second Church of Dorchester. We have felt that as a church we are venerable and aged. But I confess that, when I compare our one hundred and six years of existence to your two hundred and fifty years, I feel that we are but a child. I presume that what makes us of Dorchester conscious of our antiquity is the fact that we are worshipping still in our original building erected in the year 1805. I had not been very long in Dorchester before I discovered that our people have a great regard for your church and a great love for your eloquent minister, Mr. Noyes. I, therefore, bring in behalf of a people whose esteem and affection you hold, the most cordial greetings to yourselves as a church and to Mr. Noyes, your pastor, whom I count one of my most esteemed friends.

The subject assigned to me this afternoon is "The Sunday of the Future." It does not need to be said that it is much easier to tell what the Sunday of the past has been, and what the Sunday of to-day is, than it is to foretell what the Sunday of the future will be. I can state with confidence, however, that it will be exactly what we make it. While the day is divinely instituted, the observance of it rests with us. We are free agents. We can make Sunday whatever we choose.

When I use the pronoun "We," you will recognize that I am describing a cosmopolitan body at large rather than the group represented here this afternoon. It includes, for instance, people of no religious faith and no religious pretension, who have no concern as to Sunday except to make it a holiday. It also includes the great body of people who have commercialized the Sabbath for the financial returns it makes to them in a business way,—and the number of

such people is legion. It includes those who choose, for reasons of their own, to observe the seventh instead of the first day of the week as the Sabbath. The increasing number of Jews in our country are to be reckoned with in this connection. Then also there are our Catholic friends, who, while they keep the same day that we observe, keep it in a totally different fashion, and seem to us Protestants to hold the belief that if they but attend church some time on the Lord's Day, then they are at liberty to turn the rest of the day into a holiday. In addition to these there is the great body of believers who hold our own conception that Sunday is a sacred day, ordained of God as a day of rest, of worship, and of spiritual uplift. Many people, therefore, are helping to determine what the observance of Sunday shall be.

Having said that Sunday will be what we make it, let me further say that I have confidence that we shall make it what it ought to be. I mean that in the end, ultimately, finally, we shall choose to make it exactly what we ought to make it. It is for our best interests to make it such a day.

I do not know how you feel about the matter, but I do not believe that God arbitrarily set apart one day in seven and said, "This is my day, you must give it up to me; you must worship me on this day; you must rest from your toil on this day; you must cultivate spiritual fellowship with one another and with me." But rather I believe that in His infinite wisdom and in His matchless love, knowing what was for our best and desiring us to have it, God set apart this day for the Sabbath. And I believe that if we had no revelation as to the Sabbath, if we had no previous custom, if we had not been brought up from childhood to look upon this as a peculiar day belonging to the Lord, nevertheless our spirit of scientific investigation and the accumulation of data that would cover the various issues involved, in time would cause us to discover that it was for our best physical interests to have one day in seven for rest. We should discover that people attain the finest character when one day in seven is consecrated to the study

of spiritual things, and to bringing a closer relationship between man and God. We should discover that from every point of view we approximate the realization of the ideal most closely when we set apart one day in seven as a holy day.

Ultimately, therefore, from ulterior motives, and from a desire to attain unto the best, we should find ourselves increasingly observing Sunday in the very way that I think God meant us to observe it. And then, too, we cannot leave out of account the fact that God would be with us in all that process, suggesting, inspiring, stimulating, so that in addition to our own wisdom we should have His wisdom and His constraining love helping us to set apart and to observe the Sabbath. Therefore, because I believe in the Sabbath, because I believe that we can trust mankind, because I believe in the quickening spirit of God at work in our midst, I have firm confidence that the Sunday of the future will be a day of rest, of worship, and of fellowship in spiritual things.

In closing will you permit me to observe that, while it is true that Sunday will be what we make it, it is also true that we shall be just what the right use of Sunday makes us. The right use of Sunday will make us great. The wrong use of Sunday will bring ruin and extermination to both the individual and to our mighty country. How long would this old Mother Earth of ours continue to be a desirable habitation if we were deprived of the light and heat and uplifting power of the sun? Our prosperity depends upon the sun. It is also true that the uplifting force of communion with God is essential to the attainment of the highest character and the noblest life. It elevates us to higher levels.

When I was a student in college, the same college by the way as that from which your superintendent, Mr. Charles E. Kelsey, graduated, we went into the class room one day to discover a balance like a teeter-board. Our curiosity was aroused. The professor took one of our number and had him lie upon the balance, telling him to forget his

class-mates and to endeavor to go calmly to sleep. While he tried to become unconscious and oblivious to our presence, we brought him into equilibrium so that he balanced level upon that board. Then the professor said to him, "I am going to pull one of the hairs of your head,—which hair is it?" and while he thought of his head and endeavored to determine the hair that the professor was pulling, the blood rushed to that part of his body and the balance tipped down in that direction. Again he endeavored to forget us and to go to sleep and once more we got him balanced in equilibrium. Then our professor said to him, "This time I am going to put a needle into one of your ankles,—which ankle is it?" As he concentrated his thought upon his ankles to discover which one of them would be pricked by the needle, the blood in his body rushed to that end of his body and the balance tipped in the opposite direction to which it had previously gone down. Nobody had touched it. It was an illustration of the power of thought upon the human body. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

No person can have unholy thoughts, evil desires that crowd his mind full of sinful imaginings without having his life drawn downward and the fabric of his character destroyed. Equally is it true no person can have high and holy thoughts, can read the best literature and supremely the Book of Books, God's Holy Word; no person can aspire to commune with God in prayer, no person can worship Him, without having his whole life drawn upward by the very power of his thinking. And then in conjunction with this, as we reach upward toward God, He draws nigh unto us, and the great uplifting power of His Holy Spirit helps to elevate us to higher altitudes of life. "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord and the people whom He hath chosen for His own inheritance." The Sunday of the future will be what we make it, and we as individuals and as a nation will be exactly what our observance of Sunday makes us.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERVICE

SUNDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 1, 1914

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERVICE

OF ANY old New England church about to observe an anniversary, Isaiah's words concerning Judah will be true: "Thy sons shall come from far." The greatest work done by these churches is the training of young men and women and sending them forth to honorable service in all parts of the earth. For the Young People's Service, on Sunday evening, the church was fortunate in being able to summon two graduates of the Bible-School and Young People's Society to speak to their successors: Mrs. Mary Kingsbury Simkhovitch of the Greenwich House social settlement, New York City, and Dr. Arthur Gordon Webster, professor of Mathematics at Clark University, Worcester, Mass. Dr. Francis E. Clark, beloved founder and head of the Christian Endeavor Societies, whose home is in the city of Newton, gave the closing address. There was a large attendance of young people, and many former associates of the first two speakers came to renew the old friendships.

PRAYER AT THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERVICE

REV. WILLIAM EWING, D.D.

Loving and gracious Father, we thank Thee for Thy care for all the children of Thy love. Especially we thank Thee today that, through many generations, Thou hast cared for the youth of this community. We thank Thee for the faithful men and women who, in the spirit of our Lord, have cared for the boys and girls, and have striven to guide them in the way of righteous living and in holy purposes.

We thank Thee for those who have gone out from the homes of this church carrying with them into the life of the

world the spirit of Jesus Christ. We thank Thee for those who have gone into the distant parts of our own land and across the seas carrying the good news of the Kingdom to those who knew it not.

We thank Thee for the heritage of light and knowledge that has come to those who have lived here in the days of their childhood, and have given themselves to the love and service of their Master and gone on, year after year, increasing in strength and wisdom; for those faithful men and women who have grown up here in love and service doing their work faithfully we praise Thee, and pray that they may continue in helpful service.

And now we pray for those who are coming here today; for the boys and girls, and young men and women, in our homes and church and schools; that Thy benediction may rest upon them. May they form high purposes of life and noble habits of daily living, and cherish in their hearts those supreme affections which shall lead them so that they may grow to the largest usefulness in Thy service. May they be ready to meet all that there is for them to do in their day and generation.

Now, as we thank Thee for Thy blessings in the years past, we pray that Thou wilt be ever present with us and ours, and that Thou mayest live in our hearts and homes, and in all parts of our land. And may Thy name be glorified evermore. Amen.

ADDRESS: THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL WORK

BY MRS. MARY KINGSBURY SIMKHOVITCH, GREENWICH
HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

IT WAS right over there, half way down on the left hand side facing the pulpit, that I spent my early Sunday mornings. I take it for granted that you, as young people, will not object to my reminiscing a bit. I used to love to hear my grandmother tell how she used to sing in the Old Park Street Church choir, and how the family cows used to pasture on the Boston Common.

If human nature hasn't changed, I am going to take it for granted that you, too, will take an interest in what seems to me my own remote past—I don't dare think *how* far back it might look to you.

I suppose I might as well begin with my great-grandfather. I didn't have the pleasure of knowing the old gentleman. He passed away after about a fifty years' illness. He contracted tuberculosis and was thereupon shut up in what used to be known as "the clock room" on the old farm, and by conscientiously keeping shut up, notwithstanding his first-class constitution, and an aggressive resistance that lasted over half a century, he finally succumbed.

The daguerreotype of great-grandfather pictures him as a cheerful, powerful, practical man. I should not have picked him out for a philosopher. But those were the days when to be a Congregationalist was to be a philosopher. His Calvinistic reflections are reported to his descendants as follows: "If I am to be saved, I *am* to be saved. If I am to be damned, I am to be damned." He, therefore, never felt it at all necessary to "join the church," regarding it as unsuitable to break in in any way upon predestination.

Nevertheless, he took what might be called a strong collateral interest in religion. He was very glad when his children could see their way clear to joining the church, and he presented a Bible for pulpit use, which I see before me as I speak.

The only thing that I have against great-grandfather is that he once refused to take what afterwards turned out to be East Boston, in payment of a debt. But all that was before my time.

When I was a little girl we used to go to church with grandpa and grandma and my mother, my father, singing in the choir, giving me a perfectly good excuse to turn around from time to time, to see how he was getting on. It is said that at my first attendance upon divine service, when prayer was announced, I knelt in the pew with great

devoutness, thereby causing great embarrassment to the family.

I recall that in the family prayers of my mother's family, it was customary to pray standing. But my Grandfather Kingsbury always sat perfectly rigid, the younger and more advanced members of the family, placing their heads on the back of the pew in front. Whether this break in manners on my part forecast my later ecclesiastical alignment, I cannot say.

My grandmother was always devoted to very young persons. The younger they were, the more congenial she found them. She seemed to look into our innermost hearts. During the long prayer and the long sermon, it was her valued custom, while looking innocently straight ahead, with blue and childlike eyes, surreptitiously to slip me a peppermint, which greatly encouraged me to propriety.

As a young girl growing up, two recollections seem to stand out strongest in connection with my church-going. These were of absolutely no importance, but are indicative of the skittishness of youth. There was a lady who sat between us and the pulpit. In order to look at the minister, it was necessary to look through the feathers on her hat. Those were of a magenta color, and the furnishings of the pulpit were bright red. This caused me so much unhappiness—to have to see the red through the magenta—that I used to keep my eyes closed, rather than to suffer that excruciating color combination.

The other item was the constant fear that I experienced, lest the minister or some member of the standing committee would try to find out whether I was a Christian or not. And one exciting and never-to-be-forgotten evening, true enough when I had gone to prayer meeting with my Uncle Charles, dear old Dr. Furber did come over, and ask me the fatal question.

I was thrown into such mortal confusion, that I cannot remember whether my muttered answer was intelligible or not.

One thing I like very much nowadays about young people is a certain readiness and decisive quality, which seems entirely to free them from such psychological anxieties. A young girl nowadays would doubtless reply, "Why certainly; how could I be otherwise?" Or else, "Not at all; I haven't gotten to that yet." And then of course, too, such a question would never be asked nowadays in the same way.

My interest in theology was always considerable. But when I came to join the church at the age of fourteen, I felt that everything was clear except the subject of the Trinity. I remember going to see Dr. Furber and telling him that I understood it all, but there were a few points about the Trinity I couldn't make out quite clearly. He said, "Sit down, my dear." At the end of five minutes, it was all cleared up for me. I remember saying, "I understand it perfectly now." And with my mind relieved, I joined without further qualms.

Down in the front row, with his hand extended to his right ear, sat my old Uncle Benjamin. This deaf old gentleman, who really had experienced almost all the sorrows of Job, was endeared to me, especially, I fear, through the marvelous productivity of his beautiful grape vine, which formed a vast, cool arbor very seductive and alluring. Old-fashioned soft China pinks used to bloom in his garden, and these we could pick before church which was next door to the garden and the arbor.

I treasure to-day a Bible which I received as a prize for having recited from memory a vast number of verses from the Bible at a Sunday-school festival. I can't help thinking that that was a very commendable thing to do—to offer prizes for memorizing from the Psalms and other portions of the Bible. For long after the excellent International Sunday-school lessons shall have melted away, the Bible will remain. And, as every good housewife puts away a goodly supply of preserves and pickles for winter use, so the thrifty person will store away in memory the deep wisdom and lasting consolation contained in the beautiful

words of the Bible. I wish I knew the whole Psalter. I am too old to learn it now, but you are not.

I think I'll offer a prize myself to the young person in this church who can recite the most of the Psalter at the end of the coming year.

Even as a child, I felt the superiority of church over Sunday-school. Segregation, by age groups, has never appealed to me. I like companies that are arranged on the family principle, of old and young. Is it not as important for youth and old age to know and respect each other, as it is for different races, or different economic classes? And this leads me directly to the discussion of the theme assigned me, "The Church and Social Work."

What is the church? I like the expression, "the body of all faithful people." That great group which recognizes the principles of life as taught and exemplified by Jesus, as being universally applicable and, what is more, possible of fulfillment.

What is social work? The conscious effort to make human life happier, juster and more intelligent, with more "team play" in it. In other words, the greater socialization of life, and the greater interaction between all its parts.

"Social work" is still a very hazy term, and notwithstanding what all the schools of philanthropy, etc., say, it cannot be called a professional task in the same sense as law and medicine. But still a national program is gradually emerging which, in a rough way, expresses the aims and common tasks of social workers. A program which would at first remove the incubus of the obviously unfit, which now weighs down the great bulk of the population; *i. e.*, the segregation of the feeble-minded and of other abnormal groups. A positive program in public hygiene and education, which fits the individual in relation to life from the earliest infancy to manhood and womanhood; the development of public recreation; social insurance against every type of economic misfortune; a clearer understanding of all the problems of industry which include an insistence upon the right of free speech and public

assembly, and a revised system of taxation which will bear hardest on those who can best afford it.

To carry out this as yet somewhat inarticulate national program of social improvement, America is beginning to be conscious of its need of efficiency if democracy is to stand the strain which is being put upon it. There is no antagonism between the ideas of democracy and efficiency. If democracy isn't efficient, it will fail. If efficiency isn't democratic, it will throttle us.

There are two broad ways in which the church may be connected with social work. One is for the home to do it; and the other is for it to inspire and encourage community action. I do not say that these are necessarily mutually exclusive. In fact, it is very hard to inspire and to encourage without a pragmatic background of action from which to vitalize the inspiration. But still, taken broadly, we know what we mean when we speak of the "institutional" church and the "inspirational" church.

I would like to point out a few dangers that the institutional church may run into. And here I speak from experience, not from theory. In almost all crowded communities, there are many different types of people, with very different points of view and traditions. I counted up one day the number of countries from which the people come who live on the little block in New York City which is my home. I found there were twenty-six. There are churches of every denomination in our neighborhood. An institutional church will perhaps naturally take this stand: It will say, "We offer all types of interesting associational life to this community, and we take everyone in, regardless of race or creed. We will build up a great center for community life."

Now, this sounds very liberal, but unfortunately, members of other religious groups may see in this attitude an ulterior motive at work—the desire to increase membership, to make a good showing. In other words a working for gain. This creates a natural suspicion among what

get to be, in such a case, competing groups. There is a great deal of truth in this criticism. Children wander about from church to church, according to the attractions offered, and the tone of the church becomes that of an eleemosynary institution, material and spiritual, rather than a means of evoking the inner powers of the individual, and eliciting his loyalty and creative effort.

Of course, in an entirely homogeneous community, the situation would be quite different. If all the people in a given community were Baptists, or Roman Catholics, or whatever it might be, then the church could be an appropriate community center. But where the district is, as is generally the case in American industrial communities, highly complex, no church can make its appeal to the community as a whole as a communal center, without creating suspicion. It carries within itself the seeds of failure.

I believe, therefore, the second type of church, which inspires its members for community action, but which does not itself become a community institution, is better equipped to fulfil its purpose. The office of such a church is so to vitalize the desires of the members that they will want to express their faith in the coming of the Kingdom of God, by doing something to make it come. In other words, the whole principle ought to be not how to build up the church, but how to make the church useful to the world, not to save the church, but how shall the church lose itself for the world. This does not hinder in any way the social life of the church; but it confines that social life to its own group.

Often the opportunities in cities for social life in the home are entirely non-existent. In this case it is certainly appropriate in every way that the church should provide that social life for the members of the parish, which their home life can never give.

But how can this inspirational type of church be of specific use to the community? The members must certainly study their community needs, and always be able to understand them, and then co-operate with the members

of other churches and other groups, and still other groups, in order jointly to be able to meet these needs.

A school is thus far better adapted to be a community center, than a church, for at the school more groups can unite. Nor is there any of the mutual suspicion, which arises in the case of any organization seeking membership, attempting to be a community center. But, after all, what is our community? This is the same old question, "Who is our neighbor?" The world is the final neighborhood, and the ultimate question is: How can the church serve the world? This is the question that every Christian is asking himself at this solemn crisis. Is Christianity going to accept the challenge that war, poverty and hatred make upon it?

Christianity can only be realized by practice. If we ever expect to have international morality established, we can only do this by an ever-increased international experience. Pragmatism applies to internationalism as it does elsewhere. In fact, much has already been done. If we are appalled at the great breakdown in our civilization, yet we have also reason for encouragement. Many of the great hostilities we witness are worm-eaten within. Even when galvanized to the present white heat of enmity the individual combatants have misgivings. In the older wars, it was not so common for each to blame the other for beginning the war—nor was war so commonly regarded as a disaster. It is not gloried in, as in the past. In other words, we have progressed. We do not burn witches; we do not use torture; we have conquered some of the more terrible aspects of disease and suffering. Such progress as we have made, has been made through an ever-increased understanding of one person by another, of one group by another, of one nation by another.

Christianity has said to us, "We can save our lives only by losing them." We know that this is literally true—that as individuals we gain in personality only as we are able to live in the life of others. That person who lives only his own life is not a person. As a man learns to live

in the life of his wife, his children, his friends, he grows. If he learns in addition how to live in the life of those he has thought of as enemies, his personality gains enormously, and the enmity is thereby weakened. It is by the very extension of this principle, which we recognize as fundamentally Christian, that we can expect the church's greatest service to the world. Nations must learn to live in the life of other nations, as individuals gain their personality through living in the lives of other individuals.

The basis of understanding is respect. We can never expect to have this national point of view, until our whole system of education is permeated with it. We must teach our children, in Sunday-school and in day school, to understand and to respect great differing national and racial types. We must make history in this new sense the center of our curriculum.

One of the most painful things for us to witness at this terrible time is the practical suspension of both the intellectual and the spiritual faculties of many people in their criticisms. Violence of feeling takes the place of an attempt to see things as they are. This unwillingness to try to see the point of view of alien races or groups is distinctly anti-Christian. *This seems to me to be the most fundamental task in relation to social work*, steadily to try to bring about a state of understanding.

I should suppose that the missionary societies could be revolutionized by an insistence upon this educational emphasis. If it is true that nations must live in the life of other nations as a necessary preliminary to universal peace, it is certainly obvious that the expression of women's point of view as half the nation's, must be made public and available for use in contemplated changes.

Surely, if we are to understand the life of nations, we must understand the life of the workers and the life and aims and aspirations of women, and the church should encourage the interaction, as well as the common understanding of all groups. United Christianity does not seem to me to involve a mechanical or administrative union,

but rather a passionate, united and powerful insistence upon the expression of Christian life, through this very extension of the idea of personality as applied to international relationships.

I suppose that this attitude might really be regarded as the final criterion by which one would be able to say whether a person is a Christian or not.

For malpractice, county medical boards can get rid of those who are false to their medical oath. All kinds of people can be debarred from association with their professional groups. The ban of the church has gone out of style. I don't suppose it would be feasible to try to revive excommunication. But, if it were, this would be the one thing which ought to exclude the possibility of a person's using the name of Christian, if he should fail to try to live in the life of others, if he sets up for himself a little house from which he excludes all visitors—where he has a nicely assorted set of little thought-proof opinions which he doesn't intend the existence of any outside facts shall ever threaten. In the long run, the only place to keep house is in the world, and all our other houses have got to be placed in that setting. Provincialism is no particular sin, geographically considered, but spiritually it is unforgivable in an ever more complicated world.

In its relation to the social problem has not the Congregational Church a distinctive rôle to play? Each social grouping has its own values. Congregationalism is unhampered, if not in fact at least in theory and in active possibility, by the past. It wields no authority. It abides by the common convictions and experiences of the congregation. This is democracy in religion and it has a leverage which is full of possibility.

I suppose the beauty and the danger of all charming reunions and anniversaries such as this is the tendency to look backward as to a golden age. We know when we reflect that there never was a golden age. But we know also this that we intend to have an age that is going to be more golden as it goes along.

The long and honorable history of this church, interwoven as it has been with all the dramatic story of these two hundred and fifty years of American life, ought to be but a gracious tradition from the background of which a new and more creative life will spring, ready to meet the strain and unprecedented complexity and variety of the present.

Some one has recently said, "The golden rule works best among equals." The conditions under which our social hopes can become realizable must be wrought out with the co-operation of every available factor. To this end the church as a whole, and to be specific, this church in particular, has its own special contribution to make. It is for you, the young people of this church, to discover what that contribution is and to make it.

It was my friend, Dr. Nash, who defined religion as "the conviction that the Universe is not unfriendly to our highest social hopes." It is that conviction that sustains us as we look out on a world which has cast adrift from the old moorings. Uncertain, it is true, in regard to the adventures it will meet, and sailing a somewhat uncertain course, still it is getting new knowledge on the way as to the port it intends to make and the course it is to run to reach it.

ADDRESS: THE CHURCH AND EDUCATION

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IT IS no small privilege for me to be able to stand here and add my tribute of respect and congratulation to this old and honorable church, with which I have so many associations, and of which I am not only a graduate, but still a member. I cannot quite say that I was born into this church, but I can very nearly do so, having begun to attend it at the age of four years. In seeking for a subject upon which to speak, and in consideration of the historical aspects of this celebration, it seemed to me that I could do no better,

as this is a young people's service, than to assume the privilege of an elderly man, and give some reminiscences of my early years in this place, with some observations and advice to which my experience has led me. I shall draw only on my own memory, which covers nearly half a century, and if there are here a few older persons, who could be more sure of their facts, my only excuse is that as I have lived elsewhere for a long time I perhaps notice the changes more than they do. I shall try to show why I consider the Newton Centre of fifty years ago a good place to have begun life in, and what effect the changes since that time may have produced upon American life and character.

At the close of the Civil War, Newton Centre was a small village, one of the number sprawling over a large area that composed the Town of Newton, with long unoccupied spaces between. On the common was the old wooden school-house, containing both grammar and high schools, later moved across the way, and still later transported to its present position on the other side of the lake where it became the fire-alarm factory. It was then replaced by a larger wooden structure for the grammar school, whose burning at night was one of the events of my early childhood. This was replaced by another of the same sort, which stood until removed to make way for the present fine brick school-house. Across the street, where the Methodist Church now stands, stood the town house, in which the town meetings were held, showing that we were nearer the political center of the town then than we are now. Behind the town house stood the fire-engine house, in which stood the small hand-engine known as "Eagle 6." There were but two churches, this one and the Baptist, both wooden buildings without pretensions, although the sharp spire of the church on this site was a pleasing addition to the landscape. The horse sheds stood yonder on Bowen Street. The nearest Catholic Church was in Watertown, whither our pious domestics repaired. The only shops were in the old wooden Cousens block on Station Street, where a market, grocery, and plumber's shop offered their wares without

competition, in the friendly company of the post-office, presided over by one of our one-legged veterans of the war. The war was a very real thing, even to those of us too young to remember it, for old soldiers with one leg or arm were common sights, and the exercises of the Post at the cemetery on Memorial Day produced a most vivid impression.

The single track railway, crossing all streets at grade, known then as the Boston, Hartford and Erie R. R., which constituted our only connection with the great world, ran perhaps a half dozen leisurely trains a day to Boston, the circuit road being unthought of. Of course there were no trolley roads, nor even horse-cars. I presume there was no hotel in the town, probably not a restaurant. There were no clubs of any sort. There were no police, but the sexton of this church, in the intervals of his undertaking business, acted as constable, and coped with such crime as there was. Most of the houses in the village were clustered around the common, the hill, and Beacon and Center Streets. From our house at the top of Beacon Street we had an uninterrupted view of the lake, then generally known as "Baptist Pond," which was then surrounded by woods, except on the side of the railroad. There was but one house, that of the late E. M. Fowle, on the shore, and Lake Avenue extended only to this house. Newton was certainly a rural community, and several of the prominent members of this church lived by farming. Life was very simple and healthful, and we were free from the excitements of the present day, with the telephone, the automobile, and the moving pictures.

I well remember the austere interior of the old church, and the impression made on me by the sermons of Dr. Furber, then in his prime. For him I always had a feeling of veneration, not unmingled with fear. I shall never forget the extremely solemn manner in which he pronounced the sentences of the communion, nor have I ever since heard anyone pronounce them in quite so moving a way. The religion of those days was a rather austere one. We heard much of predestination, of total depravity, of the

theory of the atonement, and of the more sombre side of religion, of which we were told this morning. Science was distrusted as ungodly, and we were warned against the writings of Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall. Dr. Furber was a very serious man, and did not laugh often, but exerted a great influence by the absolute purity of his character and the sincerity of his convictions. No less potent was the influence of his gifted consort, considerably his senior, whose Sunday-school class for the women was a very notable feature of the church, and from which Mrs. Furber's influence radiated to all the church.

I am afraid our outlook on the world was somewhat restricted. Our political views may be inferred from an incident that I remember once on election day. Having during recess at school penetrated upstairs to the only hall in the village, where the balloting was in progress, I saw Dr. Furber coming up the stairs to vote. He was approached by Mr. Samuel Jackson, one of our members, and the town tax collector, who offered him a Democratic ballot. Drawing himself up with dignity Dr. Furber exclaimed in freezing tones, "Mr. Jackson, I love my country far too well to ever use *that* ballot!" As a matter of fact, most of us thought very nearly alike. Unitarians were as scarce as Democrats in our village. Morals were austere, amusements few, intoxicants almost unknown. There were no sports, in the present sense; dancing and card playing were severely frowned upon. I had to go to Brookline to learn to dance from a French dancing master. This is a decided contrast to the present day, when people between fifty and sixty take pains to learn the tango and maxixe, which are no sooner learned than they are superseded by something new. Music was hard to hear, except in Boston, but we did frequently have lectures in the school hall, by some very distinguished people. I remember hearing Wendell Phillips and Mrs. Mary Livermore. Few members of this church had been to Europe, and few had seen a good picture. Architecture was unknown in America. There were few college graduates in the church.

You are saying that it was a very dull place. We did not think so. I think I have already said enough to show some of the advantages of being born at that time in this place. The schools were good and generally taught by our own people. The late Mr. D. L. Farnham, and afterward Mr. Harwood, still with us in this church, were the efficient principals of the school, and I remember also Miss Maria Wood, still with us, and her sister Sarah, now Mrs. Avery Rand, as well as Miss Searle, who afterwards married Mr. E. W. Noyes, long superintendent of our Sunday-school. There were few foreigners, as we called them, in the community, a fair sprinkling of Irish, and a dozen or so Germans in the school being all, and foreign teachers being unknown. I remember when the first Italians came to build the aqueduct. It was a Yankee community. Its strong point was its complete democracy. There were no poor in the whole village, and hardly any rich. If there were any rich people we children did not know it, and the few houses of the moderately rich presented an external appearance that did not distinguish them from the others. This fact I consider an inestimable advantage. There could be no cliques or divisions among the children; there were even no private schools, as none such could have competed with the public schools. The present exaggeration of class feeling, the display that makes for envy and hatred, had no existence. Our pleasures, as I have already said, were simple, and our life on the whole serious. Nearly everyone went to church on Sunday, and if he did not was looked upon with suspicion. Nearly every family subscribed to a religious paper, which was read with interest. We had one illustrated magazine, *Harper's*, and one children's paper, the *Youth's Companion*. Books were few, and almost all children's books came from England. When the *Nursery Magazine* was started, many of its illustrations were stolen from Germany. In general this country depended largely on abroad for its ideas in intellectual matters.

Let us contrast the situation that I have described with what we see to-day, and attempt to detect some of the

effects upon education, character, and religion. During the last fifty years, since the termination of the Civil War, this country has been traversing a period of prosperity and material development such as the world has seldom seen. Riches have increased until we are the richest nation in the world. Huge sums are spent for government, for education, for the advancement of science and art, and even of religion. We have been fortunately free from political cataclysms, and have been spared the crushing burden of armaments for national defense. In short we have had nothing to do but develop our land and improve ourselves. It behooves us occasionally to take an account of stock and examine how far we have succeeded. During this period the sciences have had an enormous development, and even if this country has not contributed in large measure to the development of new principles, it has done so in high degree to the applications of the physical sciences. The fact cannot be ignored that many of the symptoms that I shall point out are closely connected with the application of science and the increase of the convenience of life. During this period we have also had the enormous immigration from Europe and Asia, and this has produced a marked change in the national character. Do not for a moment understand me to say that I blame any of our troubles upon these newcomers, for I believe that the responsibility is our own. In the city where I live, the third in population in New England, thirty or forty languages are spoken, and, what is more to the point, the children of these foreigners are getting the prizes away from our children. At a recent graduation at a high school, there sat in front of me a young man named Hillman, one of the great race that gave us Moses, together with his father, mother, and several aunts, to see his sister, Ruby, graduate and speak her part. After congratulating him and his sister, I said "Mr. Hillman, your folks are getting things away from our folks, and we cannot help it." He then told me with pride, that in his home were nine diplomas of one sort or another from school, college, or professional school. In how many Yankee families is

this the case, even in this church? These fifty years of prosperity have produced in our young people the feeling that it is unnecessary to work. "Father will pay the bills" is a sentiment too frequently heard. These newcomers have a far higher sense of the value of education and of the intellectual life than our own children, owing to the fact that they have many of them been deprived for a long time of such advantages as are here freely offered them.

The main note that I seem to discern in American life to-day is that of the pursuit of pleasure as the main object in life. I do not mean to say that the almost Puritanical distrust of pleasure of fifty years ago was to be justified, but I do mean that life is a serious business, that we must all learn that there is such a thing as duty, and that it *must* be done. This I consider the most necessary part of education, and of religion too, for that matter, and any education or religion that does not impart that knowledge is a failure. I do not blame this spirit of pleasure on the young, it is a symptom of all ages to-day. Where in the world, since the times of decadence of the Romans, could be seen the spectacle of forty thousand people wildly cheering the performance of a trained band of gladiators performing what is after all merely boys' play. Perhaps such a spectacle may be seen in the bullring in Madrid, I do not know. Again I say nothing against healthy sport and amusement. The swimming in and skating on the pond, the walks and tramps in the woods, the rides and drives in the country which we enjoyed, certainly did us much more good than the contemplation by persons who never walk or play themselves of the work of paid players.

One of the chief results of education should be to give a proper sense of values. You may remember Mrs. Malaprop's admiration of the young man who possessed "a nice derangement of epitaphs." I often feel that one of the troubles with this country to-day is a nice derangement of values. Putting more value on what is play than on what is work is certainly a case in point. Again, the invention of the automobile, a most wonderful triumph of engineering

skill, made possible by the development of the principles of the science of thermodynamics and by the production of gasoline in great quantities, has had a marked influence on society. Without doubt improvements in transportation and communication are among the chief advances in civilization, but what shall we say when the darting aimlessly about the country at a speed of fifty miles an hour is made the chief interest of a large class in the community! I have said that fifty years ago it was impossible to tell the poor from the rich in this village. What shall be said of a class that is willing to exhibit the spending of ten thousand dollars in a single vehicle, and to thrust it in the faces of the less pampered classes! Compare the simple carryall at the station then with the luxurious limousine of to-day. It is undoubtedly impossible to accuse a machine of being immoral, but the automobile seems to lend itself easily to all sorts of immoralities, from the murderous assault of the Paris *apaches* to the wasting of time by the young in their most precious years. What of a machine that converts a peaceful and kind-hearted citizen into a ruthless disregarder of the rights of others, contemplating with equanimity the havoc that he has made in his fell course? Many a boy to-day finds his highest aspiration in the wish to drive an automobile, and many a girl considers such to be her hero. At least I judge this from looking at the advertisements, whether of collars, of chocolates, or of novels, for we now have not only an automobile magazine but an automobile fiction and drama. I am free to say that I see nothing particularly manly in holding the helm of a mechanically propelled vehicle.

There is much complaint to-day of the inefficiency of our schools and colleges. Business men say our graduates of colleges can neither reckon nor write and speak correctly. Clergymen complain that their people do not come to church, and at any rate the majority of the community do not affiliate themselves with churches at all. The reason in both cases is the same. It is the old trouble of the cares of the world and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts

of other things entering in. Young people do not consider their duties to be the main thing. Neither do their parents, and the lusts of the automobile and of the golf links choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful. The great social problem of the times has been due to the concentration of the population in cities, and the immense complication of life. The telephone has put us all in communication with each other, and privacy no longer exists. Everyone is in a rush, and no one has any time to think. Although we have to-day fifty magazines where we before had one, for thirty-five cents, twenty-five, fifteen and ten, with the penny dreadful and the Sunday red and yellow terrors, the good reading is not so common as it used to be. In this month's *Atlantic Monthly* Mr. George P. Brett deplores the lack of good reading in this country to-day. Even the theatre, which has become very popular, is not of a high quality, and in the hustle of the day is now being supplanted by the moving picture theater, which appeals to those who have no ears to hear, and can only see. But even this is not enough, for we now have the moving pictures made into magazines. The wonderful phonograph has become an instrument for the dissemination of bad taste in music. But I have said enough of the ways to waste time, which is to me the one cardinal sin. Is there not still work to be done? Who shall do it? Is there not such a thing as good taste, and can it not be inculcated? This is the task of the school, and of the church as well. I do not propose to discuss the relations of the church to education, and whether it should carry on schools of its own, for in this I do not believe. But the church should set standards of life and achievement that should enable its members to always influence education and to uplift its ideals.

I believe the church will never again occupy that position which it did in the early days of this country. The spread of education has rendered it impossible for any one member of a community to inform and control the thoughts of his flock as was possible in more primitive times. Neither do I believe that an insistence on dogmas has any place in the

life of the church to-day. It must teach character, and that not merely by precept, but by example. The church must take a leading part in the social amelioration which is such an encouraging symptom in our life to-day. And in that it must be supported by the school. In my opinion the chief criticism that can be made of our schools to-day is that they do not teach character as the first end of all education.

At present this country spends more for education than any other in the world, now or heretofore. And what is the result? We have, it is true, a rather high grade of general education, not so high, to be sure, as Sweden, Switzerland, or Germany, but we are singularly lacking in intellectual giants. We are a high plateau, with few peaks, a most monotonous landscape. In the last fifty years we have, to be sure, produced some painters, sculptors and musicians of distinction, and have developed architecture, but we have been far from doing our part in literature, scientific discovery, or the diffusion of good taste. Our great investment in education has produced a pitifully small dividend. No wonder that the Germans, that particularly thorough people, whether in the arts of peace or war, look upon us as superficial and inferior in culture.

What then are the needs of the hour? A prophet! I do not mean a revivalist, but someone who shall convince us, young and old, that work is greater than play, and that it must be done. Young people, bestir yourselves! Remember that life gives nothing to mortals without great labor. Get an enthusiasm, resolve to create something that did not exist before. Find out what is in the world, and what has been in the world in times past, for nothing is more certain than that as human nature was so it is to-day. Learn the languages of other peoples, so that you can understand them, and not hate them, as the nations of Europe are doing to-day. For God hath made of one blood all nations of the earth. Above all things cultivate an interest in, and a reverence for, your own great language, for a proper use of the vernacular is the first mark of an

educated man. Fix your eyes on some attainment. Remember that business is not all, nor the principal thing. Remember that you have to put this country in her place as a great power, not by a huge navy nor by great crops, but by her moral and intellectual superiority. I should like to speak of the attractions of science as a career, for I know of nothing more satisfying than the intimate study of the workings of nature, and the wringing from her of her precious secrets. But whether it be science, art, literature, or social service is of small moment, so that you do it with all your might, that is, do it unto the Lord! Then shall our country be a great power, and of her we may sing.

ADDRESS: YOUNG PEOPLE AND THE CHURCH

BY REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT OF
THE UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

I DID not have the kindly suggestion that I should bring with me a manuscript to-night as others seem to have had, so I fear that my remarks will appear very ragged and disconnected in comparison with these delightful addresses.

I find it is the proper thing to "reminisce" a little this evening. I never had the privilege of being a member of the church of Newton Center, but I can go back even more than fifty years in *my* reminiscences. I see that the third pastor of this church was John Cotton, and John Cotton was one of my adopted mother's ancestors, and among one of the heirlooms which I treasure is a napkin which was probably woven, certainly owned, by Cotton Mather's mother, who was my mother's great-great-grandmother, so I think I have a right to a very slight part in this delightful celebration, in which I am very glad to have any part at all.

It seems to me that it is one of the significant signs of the times that the young people are recognized in these church celebrations. I do not believe it was so two hundred and fifty years ago; I do not believe there would have

been an evening set apart for a young people's meeting and a young people's celebration. Within the last four weeks I have had the pleasure of attending four such church anniversaries as this; none of them in such a historic church, but all of them desired at such a time, to recognize the young people of the church.

And yet, in the olden days, young people's societies were not altogether unknown. In fact, in the early days of this church there was a society in some of the churches very much like the young people's societies of Christian Endeavor of to-day. I do not know whether or not there was one in this church, but in a good many of the churches in the vicinity there was a society copied after one invented by Cotton Mather, although it was not for many years after our modern young people's societies were started that I heard of these ancient young people's societies. Yet there were such, and they had rules and regulations which were not unlike those of to-day. They were, perhaps, a little more stringent in those days. They were expected to have two-hour meetings; each one was expected to take part in the meeting and in the prayers, and the rules go on to say that "there shall be two sermons and a hymn annexed, and if any one of the members is absent from three meetings in succession they shall be *obliterated*." I suppose that means that they shall be obliterated from the roll of members.

Well, you see, there is nothing new under the sun, and young people's societies of to-day can go back a long way to find their ancestors. And yet these ancient societies did not flourish long or very extensively. There were perhaps thirty modeled after Cotton Mather's plan in Massachusetts. Many churches looked askance at what they considered an assumption of power on the part of the young people, and after awhile these organizations seem to have died out. Yet while they existed they did good work. I think the chief reason why they did not last long, why they did not have the wide influence in every country and every language, as they do to-day, was that the people of

those days did not have the great vision which the young people of to-day have. They had the sense of duty, they had the idea of loyalty, they did love Jesus Christ and His Church, but they did not find much work to do for Him. The missionary idea was not then born, and because it was not born the young people did not have the present day channels of usefulness; they did not know the great vision of what they might do in the name of Christ for this world of ours.

Dr. Burton of the Home Missionary Society tells a story about Professor Morse, inventor of the telegraph. He went to England in the early days, when the idea of the Atlantic telegraph was struggling for recognition, but he found that the Englishmen to whom he went were much more interested in fox-hounds. He tried to persuade them that there was something in this invention of his, but found that their attention was given wholly to fox-hounds, and it was fox-hounds and fox-hounds and only fox-hounds wherever he went.

At last he said to one of these English noblemen whom he wished to interest, "Can you think of a fox-hound as big as the Houses of Parliament?" and he said, "That is a pretty big order, but I don't know but I can *think* of it." "Well," the professor said, "Can you imagine a fox-hound as big as all Europe?" The nobleman thought he could. Professor Morse continued, "Can you imagine a fox-hound as long as the Atlantic Ocean?" He thought possibly he could. Then said Professor Morse, "I want to tell you about a fox-hound so big that you can pinch his tail in Liverpool and he will bark in Boston." So he was able to interest his financial backers.

Now I think that the young people of to-day have a vision of a larger life and a larger possibility of service than the young people of the olden days could have had, and it is because the missionary idea has been born in this last century and has taken hold of the hearts of the young people.

Every time the contribution box is passed up and down

these aisles you young people ought to have in mind other young people of China, and of India, and of Turkey, for that contribution box is eloquent of the needs of these people.

Sometimes, I know, you are thought to be very indifferent to these things, and it is supposed that you have very little desire for anything but your own amusements. I have not much sympathy with this criticism of young people. I think that one of the most courageous things a young person can do is to stand up and say he is a follower of Jesus Christ and wants to do something for Him. That is only the beginning and the preparation and the inspiration for the larger service which he can do for this Master whom he has professed to love and serve. In this connection, since there are so many young people in this audience, I think I can venture to tell you about some work the Chicago young people are doing. If you could see the Chicago Christian Endeavor Year Book, recently published, you would see what they are doing, how they support a hospital, how they pay the salary of a minister, who goes daily to this hospital, how they carry music and flowers and comfort of many kinds, how they help the preaching at street corners, how they do what they can for the sailors on the Great Lakes, how they help the prisoners, and you would be surprised and delighted at the amount and quality of this work. This book of one hundred and fifty pages is packed full of what the young people of Chicago are trying to do right in their own city along these lines of religious endeavor. And what they accomplish there is only a sample of what they are trying to do in all parts of the world.

I also think that one of the advantages that the young people's societies of to-day have over those of olden times is the more cosmopolitan out-look they have. Our hearts go out in sympathy in these days in so many directions, to so many parts of the world. It is probable, young people, that you have Christian Endeavor friends fighting in all the armies of the warring nations. I have friends in the



Austrian army and in the German army, and the British and French and Belgian and Russian armies, and every-one of them thinks he is right. They all believe they are fighting for right and civilization. It seems to me that it is for us to keep our hearts open, not only in a cold neutrality, but sympathetically for those who believe they are fighting for a righteous cause.

I believe, too, that the young people of to-day will have something to do for peace when this war is over. This war will not last forever, and surely Christian people should cultivate such sympathies with all that they can exert some influence in a neutral country like ours to heal these awful wounds. It was only last June, in Great Britain, at a great national Christian Endeavor convention, that I saw several Germans who had come across the Channel to rejoice with their English brothers, and, in the great Queen's Hall of London, before an audience of three or four thousand, I saw two of these Germans stand on the platform, holding two flags, one a Union Jack and the other the German flag, and, entwining them together, they expressed their great joy in being there with their English brothers. Yet, it was scarcely two months after that that they went into the German army, one as an officer fighting against the Russians on the east, and the other against the French on the west. And they did this because they felt it was their duty. We must respect their honesty, whatever we think of the merits of the different countries at war, and I believe there is nothing in the world which will bring these nations together like the love of Jesus Christ, and of His people one for another.

It was my privilege to be in South Africa shortly before the Boer War. I had the pleasure of talking with old President Kruger of the Free State and many other leaders on both sides. Soon after that the war broke out, and it was a most bitter war, as you know, and there was intense feeling on both sides. But it was only three or four months after the war that I was in South Africa again, and in the Adderby St. Dutch Reformed Church I saw around the

wall the mottoes, "Welcome to South Africa," "For Christ and the Church," "All Ye Are Brethren." Before the meeting was over we all stood together and repeated, some in one language and some in another, the twenty-third Psalm, and then we stood again and repeated the Lord's Prayer, and strangest of all, before that meeting was over, we all stood up and sang,

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

There they were, the young men of those two nations that only a few months before had been fighting each other savagely. I saw in the audience young Boers who had been in prison camps in St. Helena and Ceylon, and yet they were fraternizing with the British young men whom they had been fighting. And so I believe that nothing of this sort is impossible for God; that these nations now at war can be brought together, and that we in Christian America, especially the young people of our great country, can serve in this way our country and our God.

I often like to think of that great monument in South America to the Prince of Peace. Some of you, perhaps, have seen it, or at least have seen the pictures of the Christ of the Andes. It is a most impressive monument as it stands there on the highest pass where the road crosses the Andes from Argentina to Chili. It is a great bronze statue of Christ our Lord, and you know the story of it. Some years ago these two republics, Argentina and Chili, were about to go to war. Some of these South American wars have been terribly disastrous, like the war between Brazil and Paraguay a few years ago. This threatened to be just such a war of extermination. The nations had bought their iron-clads and mobilized their soldiers. War was about to be declared when a better spirit prevailed just at the last moment, and the nations decided to leave the question in issue to arbitration, and they asked Edward, who was then King of Britain, to state what should be the boundary line between their two nations. He decided it

should be the highest range of the Andes for two thousand miles from the Chaco on the north to the Straits of Magellan on the south. Well, they accepted this decision. Would to God that the nations that are now at war could thus have settled their disputes! But these two republics settled theirs in this way, and then they were so rejoiced at the result that they contributed large sums of money, and out of the cannon with which the war was to have been waged, they cast this statue and put it on the mountain road between the two nations. But the thing that most impressed me about this monument was the motto from the Ephesians, which is on the base of the statue, and it is this: "He is our peace who hath made both one." Is not that a beautiful motto? Is not that a magnificent statue, and is it not true of these nations now at war, and is it not true of us, too, that He makes us one, and if we follow Him in spirit and if we have His love in our hearts we may do our small part to bring about the reconciliation of the world?

Oh, young people, get these great visions, and you, too, will be among those who, in the future days, will bless this old world of ours. God grant it!

SERVICE OF FELLOWSHIP

MONDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 2, 1914



REV. THEODORE JAMES HOLMES

SERVICE OF FELLOWSHIP

A LARGE audience gathered in the church at three o'clock, and joined in singing the opening hymn, "Jesus shall reign, where'er the sun." Rev. James L. Barton, D.D., LL.D., Foreign Secretary of the American Board and a member of the church, presided and introduced those who brought greetings and congratulations. The chairman made no address, but, as he rose to introduce the speakers, he said:

"This is a service not of the old First Church but a service belonging to the friends of the church who have come with their congratulations and greetings. This is a time in which the church keeps silent, and with expectant and attentive ears is to listen to the messages brought by our friends and neighbors. We have a remarkable list of speakers for this afternoon's session. My duty, therefore, is simply to present the speakers in the order arranged by the committee. I cannot introduce them.

"This church was organized before there was any town of Newton and long before the city of Newton had come into existence. From the beginning, the membership of this church has had a large share in shaping the life of the town and later of the city itself. Members of this church have held positions of conspicuous usefulness in the service of the city. We are privileged to-day to have with us His Honor the Mayor, a member of Eliot Church, Newton, who will now bring us a message from the city."

ADDRESS BY HIS HONOR EDWIN O. CHILDS,
MAYOR OF THE CITY OF NEWTON

I AM grateful for the privilege of being allowed to participate in the exercises of these anniversary days, these days which mark the beginning of The First Church of Newton.

It is most appropriate that upon this great occasion the greetings and good wishes of the citizens of Newton should be expressed through me to you, because the church bears a vital relation to the city.

The city with churches is a safe city in which to live. That is one of the reasons why we all like Newton.

The church is the organized conscience of the community—the place from whence radiates that influence which makes our citizenship.

I am glad, therefore, as the representative of all the people of this city, of every creed and denomination, to congratulate this church upon her long and honorable record.

And I assure you that with these official greetings come my own personal good wishes none the less sincere.

The First Church of Newton has always had my highest regard, for it has been my privilege to have been so situated as perhaps better than most of you to realize her far-reaching influence for good, both direct and indirect, in this city.

I happen to be a member of Eliot Church, the daughter of this church, and for ten years I have had a class in the Sunday-school of the granddaughter of this church, the church at North Village.

We all know the story of the influence of this church here in Newton Centre. There is another story of her indirect influence quite as interesting.

When the mother church sent out the Jacksons, the Bacons, the Trowbridges, and the Cobbs with others to establish the church at Newton she set in motion spiritual forces which have counted for righteousness in this city.

At the fiftieth anniversary of Eliot Church, Dr. Well-

man, a former pastor, said that the greatest thing which Eliot Church had done in all her history was the sending out of one of her young men, Samuel E. Lowry, and the help which she gave him in establishing and maintaining the church at North Village.

Knowing as I do the accomplishments of this church here in this village and realizing the extent of her influence through churches established in other sections of our city, I can but feel proud of the old First Church and her history and rejoice with you in her successes.

And the thought which is uppermost in my mind to-day, as I know it is uppermost in yours, is of the godly men and noble women who have labored here. A very few of them are still with us. Most of them have moved on into that "other city" which lies beyond the streams of faith.

The men and women of the earliest years laid foundations broad and deep. Men and women of later years tended this church and watched her grow. We of to-day reap the fruits of their labor and perseverance.

Those early days were not without trial and discouragement. They were marked with struggle and it is well that they were, for the church which knows no struggle knows no strength.

Sometimes we put it the other way and we think of that church as strong which seemingly has smooth sailing, but somewhere there must have been struggle else there could be no strength.

Yes, the pioneers in this parish had their difficulties and their trials, their problems and their losses. Like men of old they too walked through the wilderness but they didn't walk alone.

What was it which guided them and cheered them, which sustained them and helped them on? Nothing more nor less than the presence of Almighty God, that influence with which no church is ever a failure and without which no church can succeed. That explains the influence and power of this church whose birthday we celebrate to-day.

Because of His presence the First Church of Newton has

been a great spiritual force. She has been not only an active church but a working church, a force pump not a sponge. She has been, too, a living church, a religious or praying church, communicating power to all who have worshiped here in sincerity and truth.

Above all she has been a ministering church, ministering faithfully to the spiritual needs of one generation after another. Surely these two hundred and fifty years have told a wonderful story.

The achievements of the past are secure. The prosperity of the present we hold with firm hands. And the promise of the future comes to us with no uncertain sound.

The story of the next fifty years will be written by the younger men and women who are here to-day. My concluding word is to them. May it be said of each one of you who are the loyal sons and daughters of worthy sires, in that day when your names will be but a memory, that you faithfully administered the trust which you received from your fathers and honestly did your part in your day and generation toward making the old First Church of Newton not only prosperous but truly great.

Introducing Rev. Raymond Calkins, D.D., the pastor of the First Church in Cambridge (Congregational), the chairman said:

"Although this old First Church of Newton has reached its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, it is not by any means an orphan. The mother still resides at the old home in Cambridge and has all the marks of the vigor, strength and wisdom of her youth, matured and deepened and enlarged. It gives me great gratification to present to you Dr. Calkins, pastor of the old First Church of Cambridge, the mother church."

ADDRESS BY REV. RAYMOND CALKINS, D.D.

It is a great thing to be the pastor of a church which has a daughter two hundred and fifty years old. And it is a high honor which falls to me to bring greetings to-day from the mother church to its first offspring which celebrates such an anniversary.

Our imaginations are taxed to the limit when we try to frame a true picture of the conditions as they existed when this parish was first organized, during the ministry of the Rev. Jonathan Mitchel, the second minister of the Cambridge Church. At that time there were living in Cambridge one hundred and thirty-five taxable persons. There were about ninety houses, two hundred and eight cows, one hundred and thirty-one oxen and twenty horses. The total property valuation was something less than \$50,000. And a path through the wilderness led from the spot from which I came to the place where I stand to-day. And if there is no reason to wonder that the people living here wanted to have a church of their own, there is also no reason to wonder if, when the petition was first presented, the town thought that it would be a disaster to divide a parish no larger than the Cambridge parish was at that time.

But in 1660, after the continued and extreme urgency of the people dwelling in these regions, the town of Cambridge voted "that the remote inhabitants on the South Side of the River should be annually abated one-half of their proportion to the salary of the minister's allowance, during the time that they were provided of an able minister according to law"; and, two years later, the town voted that they should be released from all ministerial charges on condition that they should "give good security to the town for the payment of twenty pounds per annum forever to the use of the other part of the town belonging to the old meeting-house on the north side of the River." Unfortunately for us this proposition was not agreed to by the people living here. And a simple calculation will show you that down to

the present time that has meant a loss of \$25,000 to the old meeting-house which I represent.

But I can say without hesitation that the people of the old meeting-house have magnanimously risen above any heart-burnings that they may have felt when a proposition which seemed so fair and reasonable was not accepted by you; and that on the occasion of your anniversary have only a sense of pride that this church was so largely composed at its beginning of a colony from Cambridge. I bring you greetings from the old mother church. We want this anniversary of yours to renew the old memories, the old allegiance, the old bond of union. We have everything in common. We began together and together down through the generations the work has gone on. If our first minister was a missionary, come from England, your first minister was a son of the Apostle Eliot. If the Cambridge Church was the first to begin missionary history in New England, yours was the first to continue it. If our church has had a wonderful succession of long and able ministries, your church has one that can equal it. The average length of ministry in both churches is twenty-five years, and it is a record of which we have both a right to be proud. Let us renew our loyalty to our Master, to the old gospel to which our heroic forbears were so faithful, and to each other.

And the mother church is also about to celebrate an important event in her history, and she asks you to share in it.

There died last August, Dr. Alexander McKenzie, the pastor-emeritus of the First Church in Cambridge, who, for forty-seven years, had a ministry that stands second in length, and second to none in its influence, among the eleven pastorates which, since 1636, the church has known. Had he lived, and had he been able, it would have been he, and not I, who would have brought you greetings to-day. A service commemorating his life and labors will be held on Sunday afternoon, November 15. Come and share that service with us as we with deepest affection and greatest joy, share this service with you. So our hearts will grow

together, and all shall realize anew the meaning of the old hymn:

"Before our Father's throne we pour our mutual prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, our comforts and our cares."

The First Baptist Church of Newton was organized in 1780, the second church organization formed in the community. As the church was without a minister, President George E. Horr, D.D., of the Newton Theological Institution, was asked to bring the greetings of the Baptist brethren. The chairman introduced him in the following words:

"One of the pleasantest features of the church life of this village is the relation that exists between the churches of the various communions. The First Church of Newton extends its hearty greetings to the First Baptist Church of Newton and welcomes, as its speaker of the day, Dr. Horr, president of the Baptist Theological Seminary, of our village."

ADDRESS BY REV. GEORGE E. HORR, D.D.

The Rev. Dr. Codman in his sermon at the funeral of Dr. Homer said of him: "He lived on terms of Christian intimacy and fellowship with Mr. Grafton, the Baptist minister of this place; he took the liveliest interest in the prosperity of the Theological Institution on the hill, and maintained a fraternal and paternal intimacy with its officers and students. His library was always at their service for use and reference."

Whatever slight resentment there may have been a hundred and thirty-four years ago at the coming of a church of another denomination into this community, the friendship of Dr. Homer and Father Grafton has been thoroughly typical of the relationship of the two churches. They have been more than friendly. They have been to one another as older and younger sisters, and there has hardly been an

enterprise of any sort for the well-being of this community which has not enlisted the hearty support of the membership of both churches.

To-day, as I speak on behalf of the Baptist Church in this place, it is not to utter some words of formal felicitation upon this anniversary, but to express a sincere admiration and appreciation of the career of this church. This sentiment is based on clear and sound reasons.

We appreciate thoroughly the practical solution the history of this church affords of the problem of the relation of church and state. When this church was founded there was a union of church and state in Massachusetts as complete and absolute as that which obtained in the mother country. It was, in part, through the influence of the Baptists, with their doctrine of the separation of church and state, that this condition of things was changed, but you did not believe that because the legal union of church and state was dissolved that Christian men were relieved from the responsibility of leavening the state with Christian principles. The record of the men of this church in the history of the town, in the war of the Revolution, in the Civil War, in the Massachusetts legislature, on the bench, and in Congress shows conclusively how large and effective the influence of a Christian congregation upon civic and national life may be. Time and again the sermon preached in this pulpit has been re-preached in the business office, on the exchange, in the council, and in the legislature.

Another ground of our appreciation is the way this church has ministered to the youth of this community. Beyond almost any church with which I am familiar it has successfully held large groups of young men and women to the services of the sanctuary and to the Christian life. I do not know that there is any secret about the way in which this has been accomplished except the open secret of sympathy with the young and vital interest in their welfare, and the happy utilization of social forces in the service of the religious life.

Still further, this church always elicits the admiration of

its younger sister because of the beauty and strength of the pastoral relation as exemplified love. The bare record tells the story, ten pastors in two hundred and fifty years. As the memorial volume published twenty-five years ago frankly shows, this has not always been because your pastors have been uniformly great or continuously acceptable to all the congregation, but it has been because both pastors and people have loved one another, and because both realized the sanctity of the relationship and how the influence of the church in the community accelerates and deepens with every added year of a faithful minister's work.

The present outlook certainly indicates that the year 1914 will be as momentous a date in human history as 1453, or 1492, or 1517. Probably its significance will surpass any of these years. We are confronting a new age. This anniversary stands upon its threshold, but whatever changes that new age may bring we are confident that the forces that have made this church what it is will be needed more than ever in advancing the interests of the Kingdom of God.

Services had been held since 1760 in the westerly portion of the town of Newton which was set off as an independent parish by an act of the General Court in October, 1778, and the Second or West Parish Church was organized in 1781. The chairman introduced Rev. J. Edgar Park, the minister of the Second Church, as one bringing "to the mother the greetings of the eldest child."

ADDRESS BY REV. J. EDGAR PARK.

One hundred and fifty-four years ago some of the members of this parish, not anticipating the invention of the automobile, felt that they lived too far from the church and alleged apparently that they were so tired when they got here that they could not enjoy the sermon. These lazy parishioners lived in that part of the town called, in popular parlance, the "wilderness," diversely named now

Church of Waban. The pastor of Union Church, Rev. Charles H. Cutler, D.D., was introduced by the chairman as follows:

"This old First Church is not only the daughter of a church still living and flourishing, but it is the sister of churches, some of whom are still in the days of their youth. The youngest sister is represented to-day by Dr. Cutler of the Union Church at Waban."

ADDRESS BY REV. CHARLES H. CUTLER, D.D.

A little girl, being asked how old her baby brother was, replied with some indignation: "He is not old at all—he is almost new." I bring to you to-day the greetings and congratulations of a church that is not old at all—but is almost new; yet old enough to know how much she was indebted in her infancy to the motherly interest of this church, and never too old, I trust, to forget it.

It is the distinction of many an humble place that it is the birthplace of a great man. Multitudes visit Ayr, Eisleben, Stratford, to see the birthplace of Burns, Luther, or Shakespere. The glory of many an ancient city is the names of her sons forever associated with it, as Edinborough is associated with the name of Walter Scott, or Florence with Dante and Savonarola. The old school and university glories not so much in storied halls as in her sons who, owning her as their intellectual and spiritual mother, have done distinguished service in the world. Not so long ago it could have been said of a certain small college down in Maine, that the Chief Justice of the United States, the President of the Senate and Acting Vice-President, the Speaker of the National House of Representatives, and the Chief Justice of the Commonwealth, were at one and the same time counted among her sons.

So, I think, of any ancient church, nothing finer can be said than that she is the mother and maker of men. Were it within our power to summon, on this significant occasion,

all the men and women who, during the more than eight generations in the life of this church, received here their first and durable religious impressions, their formative ideals, their spiritual birth-right, and then went out into all the earth to render distinguished service in the kingdom of God, what an august assembly this would be! And if we were to gather here also, as we ought, all the unnamed, unremembered, unhonored, unnumbered anonymous saints upon the rolls of this church—saints of the fireside and the marketplace—the salt of the earth, and the lights of the world in their several generations, what a noble company that, too, would be!

The Church of God is the Mother of Men.

“Glorious things are spoken of thee,
O city of God!
Yea, of Zion it shall be said,
This one and that one was born in her.
Jehovah shall count, when He writeth up the peoples
This one was born there.”

The Third Church of Boston, better known as the Old South, was organized a few years later than the First Church of Newton, and it was fitting that one of the ministers of that famous church should bring the greetings of the Boston churches on this occasion. The chairman introduced Rev. Willis H. Butler as follows:

“Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon, pastor of the Old South Church of Boston was to be here and speak for the churches of Boston. While the Old South Church stands for age and wisdom, it is a younger sister compared to this old church of Newton as it has yet to celebrate its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. Dr. Gordon is prevented from being present, and, while we regret his absence, we are all gratified to welcome in his place Rev. Dr. Butler, the associate pastor with Dr. Gordon of the Old South Church.”

ADDRESS BY REV. WILLIS H. BUTLER

I am frequently impressed with the amount of ignorance which many Congregationalists manifest in regard to the history and principles of their order. Most Baptists can tell you in no uncertain tone the distinctive characteristics of their polity. The average Methodist has a reason, and a very good one it is, for the faith which he holds. The Presbyterian, though he does not always know why he is what he is, nevertheless knows that he is. All Episcopalians, without any argument, assume the superiority and the finality of their form of organization. But when the Congregationalist's turn comes, he has little or nothing to say. He somehow leaves the impression that he is a little of everything and not much of anything, shamefully forgetful or inexcusably ignorant of what the Puritan and the Pilgrim stand for in English and American history. It is sometimes encouraging to find out that one has just as much right to glory as his next door neighbor has, and, although it may not be expedient, I must needs glory a little this afternoon.

1. It is not until we reach Apostolic times that we hear much about the church. And it is worth noting that the recent studies of a distinguished English scholar show that the underlying principles of the churches, which the Apostles established in various parts of the Roman world, were the identical principles of Congregationalism, *i. e.*, the independence of the local church and the fellowship of the churches. "Each Church governed itself, but they united in counsel concerning matters of common interest." I am not a Congregationalist merely because the earliest Christian church we know anything about bore a striking resemblance to our form of organization, but if one likes to be historic it is well to know that we may glory in the early date of our origin, if we care to do so.

2. There is real cause for glorying in the fact that our order corresponds very closely to the type of government for which the New England town has become justly famous, an ideal democracy. In a Congregational church the people

rule. There is no authority outside the individual church which is composed of men and women, every one of whom has equal rights. Well may we guard against anything which threatens this independence; it is the distinctive characteristic of our order, one which we have inherited from those sturdy men of England who suffered exile in Holland and endured privation in Plymouth in order that they might be free to worship God according to the dictates of conscience. They established a free self-governing community, and they built their church on the same broad foundation, religious liberty being the chief corner stone. We surely may be pardoned for priding ourselves upon the democratic nature of our polity.

3. Another cause for glorying is found in the regard which our denomination has always paid to education. The Pilgrim fathers insisted upon having an educated ministry. With this end in view they founded Harvard College, six years after Boston was settled, as a school for the training of ministers of the gospel. Yale, Dartmouth, Williams, Amherst, Bowdoin, Smith, Wellesley and Mount Holyoke Colleges, all owe their origin to the consecrated men and women who believed in a Christian education. As soon as the West was settled schools and academies were planted at considerable sacrifice on the part of emigrants from New England who wished their children to have the advantages which their parents had enjoyed. Congregationalists have expended in educational work in the South more money than all other denominations combined. From the free common schools up to the theological seminaries the education which the leaders of our order have provided has been a conspicuous feature of our denominational history.

4. Once more, Congregationalists have always been distinguished for their missionary activity. It is hardly necessary to remind the members of the First Church in Newton that the first Foreign Missionary Society in this country was organized by Congregationalists. For the Negroes and the Indians in our own country we have always felt a peculiar responsibility and we have conscientiously sent highly

trained men and women to lift the members of these backward races to higher levels of life.

I have gloried enough. And the reason for my speaking in this somewhat unusual strain is simply to remind you that the denomination with which you are affiliated is worthy of your heartiest loyalty. We have an honorable record of noble service and the question which faces us on an occasion like this is, Are we going to live up to that record or are we going to fall back upon it, pride ourselves upon our past, but do nothing in the present or for the future?

The pastoral service of Rev. Edward T. Sullivan, rector of Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church, antedates that of any other minister in the city. His church is across the street from the meeting-house of the First Church in Newton, and the two parishes have been for many years in intimate and friendly relations. It was appropriate, therefore, that he should be the spokesman of the churches of the city in bringing their greetings and congratulations on this happy occasion. He was thus introduced by the chairman:

"The last speaker of the afternoon represents the church nearest to our door and the youngest of all the churches in our Newton Centre group. I have the honor to present Rev. Mr. Sullivan, rector of the Episcopal Church, our nearest neighbor and our closest friend."

ADDRESS BY REV. EDWARD T. SULLIVAN

It is my pleasant privilege to tell how this church is regarded by the other churches in this village, and to give expression to their felicitations and good will.

When the corner-stone of this new building was laid I applied to this church the signification of that symbolic figure of the old man in the Book of Revelation. It is said of him that "His head and his hair were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as flames of fire."

The white hair is the symbol of venerable age, maturity, experience and wisdom. The flaming eyes represent the unquenched fires and the forces of early manhood. The whole figure stands for unimpaired vigor, unabated strength, age-long and age-lasting power. It is the symbol of immortal youth.

That, it seemed to me, was what this church was and is in itself. But just now I want to take up another parable to express what this church is to us of the other churches here in this village. And the symbol of that, I think, is the description of the parson in Goldsmith's poem, "The Deserted Village." It is said that "he allured to brighter worlds, and led the way." If among the Letters to the Churches in the Book of Revelation there was one to the venerable First Church of Newton, that letter we believe, would say of it, "it allured to brighter worlds—and led the way."

The First Church was in exclusive possession of this field for more than a century; and you would naturally expect that the monopoly habit would have become fixed; and that it would look with disfavor upon other churches entering in. I know little of the ancient ecclesiastical history of this town; but I do know that history for the past twenty-three years. And I can testify, as representing the youngest, and latest—and perhaps the last church in this village—the child of this town's old age, the Benjamin of this family of churches—I can testify that the arms of the First Church were extended to us in cordial welcome and in hearty good will. Indeed, if we are the Benjamin among the brethren here, this church acted the part of Judah, who, you will remember, solemnly said to his father Jacob: "I will be surety for the lad."

What I say of this church may be said of the other churches here also, for the spirit of fellowship and brotherly love between the Christian communions exists in this town to such a degree as to give Newton Centre a reputation, and to be the wonder of strangers coming here. From the point of view of church relationship the name of this village is Utopia, a place which people often dreamed of, and long

hoped for, but never expected really to see. And this old church has had its large part in creating that atmosphere and in spreading that spirit. It allured us to the higher things—and led the way.

And this welcome and spirit were the more noteworthy because our dear, good friend Father Wholey was already beginning a Roman Catholic Church here, and *that* might have been thought sufficient, and that an Episcopal Church in addition was superfluous; for there used to be a good many people in the world who agreed with Happy Hawkins in believing that "Episcopalians are just Roman Catholics gone Republican."

This church has been a good neighbor to all the churches, and has played the Good Samaritan to the others as it did to ours. In saying that I do not mean that we needed the ministrations of the Good Samaritan in the sense that we had fallen among thieves. There was a quaint old writer who doubtless had bitter memories of ecclesiastical oppression, for in commenting on this parable he said that the Levite came and looked on him, but he too passed by on the other side "for he saw that the man had been robbed already." This church has been the Good Samaritan to us in the symbolic rather than in the literal meaning.

To admire is to wish to imitate. The exigencies of this occasion do not permit me to elucidate, and scarcely to enumerate, those things which the churches of this village so admire in this church that they would wish to imitate them. The splendid initiative of its men, and the fine leadership of its women. These women, I take it, are differently situated from the wives of the Puritans who founded this church two hundred and fifty years ago. It has been said that the women of those days had to put up with not only the hardships which the men endured, but that they had to put up with the men as well. But probably it was a woman who said that. And it may have been a woman also who, having grown weary of hearing too much praise bestowed upon the Puritan men and too little upon the Puritan women, said that instead of the Pilgrims land-

ing on Plymouth Rock, it would have been better if Plymouth Rock had landed on the Pilgrims.

We admire the able leadership of your men and women in things social, civic and spiritual; your great Bible school—the envy and despair of us all; the efficient administration of your benevolences; your fine missionary spirit, and the competent organization of your missionary work. But I must not linger over these, for in the two or three minutes remaining to me I want to say one other thing.

In things spiritual, one thousand years are as one day; and this two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, therefore, marks but the third hour of your church's day—its early forenoon—the period of its inextinguishable youth.

In this long history it has had a line of able, illustrious, and godly pastors. But what I want to say is this, that never was there a more virile, convincing and spiritual gospel preached from this pulpit than there is to-day by your present minister. It subtracts nothing from the praise of the good men who have gone before to say that their mantle has fallen upon ample shoulders; and that the office of pastor and preacher, which they so nobly illustrated and adorned, maintains its high distinction and spiritual supremacy in the incumbent of to-day.

It is fitting that *I* should say this because Mr. Noyes, your pastor, and I have been neighbors here for just twenty years. You will agree with me that what our neighbors say of us has great significance. And Mr. Noyes has met the most searching of all tests, the test of neighborliness and the test of time.

If you ask what sort of man he is this great church is the answer. When it falls to some one to write the history of his ministry here, I am sure that the historian will say of Mr. Noyes what I have been saying of his church—that “he allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.”

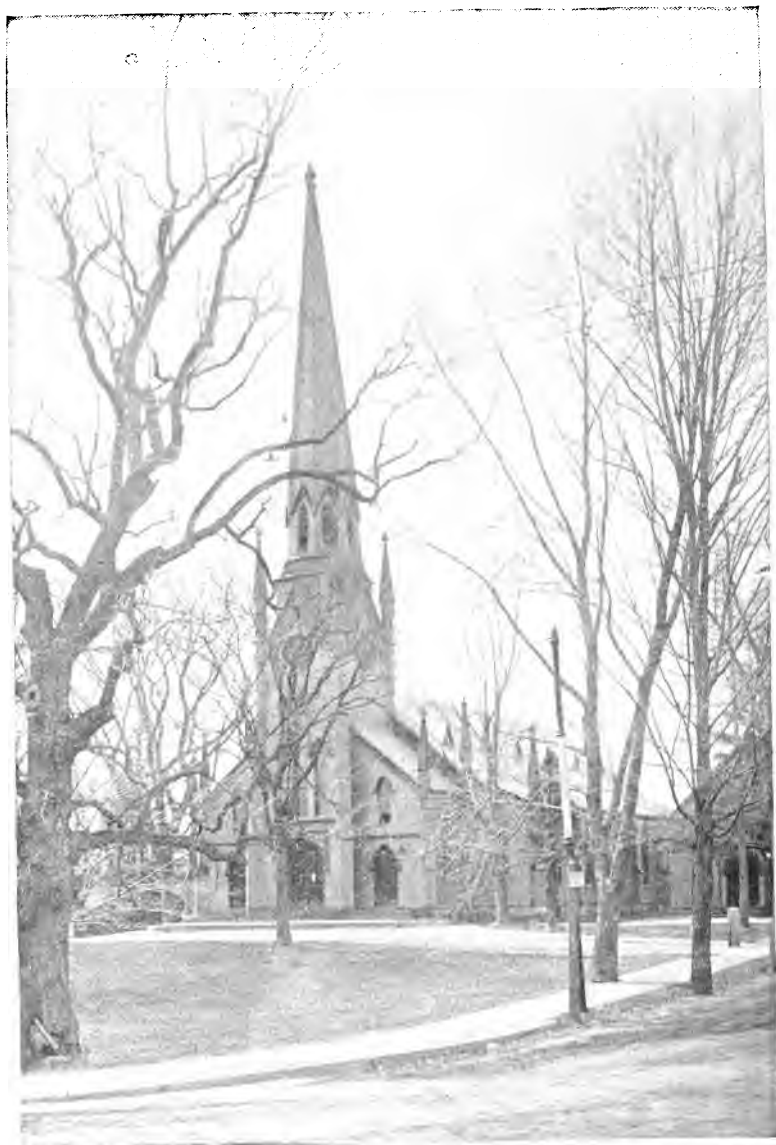
And so we citizens of Newton Centre, of every church—to quote Mr. Noyes' own phrase on another occasion—“we take off our hats to-day” to the First Church, and to its minister!

After the addresses of the afternoon, Mr. Noyes read a number of letters, and the service closed with the singing of "America." The familiar words were written by Rev. S. F. Smith, D.D., whose home for many years was in Newton Centre.

At the close of the service, a fifteen-minute organ recital was given by Mr. D. Ralph Maclean, organist of the church, who played the Suite Gothique of Boellmann.

THE BANQUET

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 2, 1914.



FIFTH MEETING HOUSE. 1847-1903

THE BANQUET

THE tables were spread in the dining room and the assembly room of the Chapel, and the Parish House of Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church, across Homer Street, was also utilized, through the courtesy of that parish. Altogether, five hundred and thirty guests were comfortably provided for. The tables in the Chapel were removed and all the company gathered there for the after-dinner speaking. Mr. William H. Rice, chairman of the General Committee of Arrangements for the anniversary presided, and introduced Mr. Frank H. Stewart as toastmaster. Mr. Rice spoke as follows:

MR. WILLIAM H. RICE, CHAIRMAN OF GENERAL COMMITTEE

It is a great pleasure to your committee to welcome so many of our old friends to the two hundred and fiftieth birthday of this old First Church, and I am sure that had the ovens been large enough, your committee would have baked a birthday cake and had two hundred and fifty candles burning on it. Two hundred and fifty years is a long time, but for all of that two of our members have spent one third of that time in this village, and for over seventy years of that time have been members of this church. Mr. Henry Paul and Mr. George F. Stone, our oldest members in point of service, joined this church August 6, 1843, seventy-one years ago; Mrs. Hannah W. Jackson was received one year later in July of 1844. Mr. Paul and Mrs. Jackson have lived their entire lives in this village, but Mr. George Stone has for the last few years spent his life in California. It is greatly to be regretted that all of these oldest members could not have been here to-night. What a fund of interesting reminiscences they would bring to us

of the happenings in this village over two thirds of a century ago!

I wish at this time to thank our good friends of the Episcopal Church for the use of the Parish House for our guests to-night. This is only another evidence of the warm feeling existing between us, and it is hoped that we can at some future time assist them in some way. They can rest assured that their position has been greatly appreciated by the committee.

Your committee have received a number of interesting letters from former members who have moved to great distances, and it would hardly be fair to select a few to read, but there is one from the Pilgrim Congregational Church in Duluth, Minnesota, which I am sure will interest all of the people here, especially those who were here twenty years and more ago.

DULUTH, MINN., Oct. 27, 1914.

TO THE FIRST CHURCH IN NEWTON,
Newton Centre, Mass.

Greeting: Pilgrim Congregational Church of Duluth, Minnesota, sends congratulations and felicitations on the occasion of the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the First Church in Newton.

Thirty-one years ago there came to us from Yale Divinity School a young graduate whom we had called to be our pastor. He proved to be not only a pastor but an organizer and leader. Under his wise administration our church grew and prospered.

After eleven years, we, with regret, surrendered him to New England, and to you, and for twenty years you have enjoyed his ministry.

There are many here who still think of Rev. Edward MacArthur Noyes as in a manner belonging to us. We like to believe that, through his labors in the upbuilding of Pilgrim Church in its earlier days, we had a share in his development and that here he became fitted for the larger work to which you invited him.

Our congratulations on this happy occasion are not, therefore, prompted by any ordinary feelings of friendliness and good will, but by a profounder interest and affectionate regard, which make us bold to claim the privilege of being glad with you while you celebrate the consummation of two and a half centuries of history as a church of Christ.

PILGRIM CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF DULUTH,
By its Pastor and Committee.

We have now reached a course in our dinner which the cook did not prepare, and we have, like good, little children, kept the best until last, and I take great pleasure now in introducing to you the chairman of the Prudential Committee, Mr. Frank H. Stewart, the toastmaster.

REMARKS OF FRANK H. STEWART, ESQ., TOAST-MASTER

When I was invited to assist on this auspicious occasion, I had many misgivings as to my ability to undertake the task. These misgivings, I afterwards found, were shared by my small daughter of nine years. Hearing of my selection, she went in great excitement to her mother and said: "Why, Mother, Daddy isn't any good as a toastmaster; he doesn't know how to make toast—he'll burn it."

I think the founders of this church would be equally surprised to find a toastmaster among its officers, especially one of my name and lineage. But their surprise would be mild compared with that of Bishop Lawrence when he picks up his paper at breakfast to-morrow morning and reads that

"Yesterday about one hundred and fifty men and women left the Congregational Church in Newton Centre in a body, and were received into Trinity Episcopal Church in that village. The right hand of fellowship was given them by the Rev. Edward T. Sullivan, the Rector."

I am certain that the good Bishop will wonder why in the world some Congregationalist did not put in a word to stop such an exodus,—and he will at once recall that story of Dr. Barton's experience with a colored carriage driver in Washington.

This driver was standing out in front of the Willard Hotel one morning, when a gentleman rushed out of the hotel and asked:

"Uncle, have you got a good horse?"

The driver replied:

"Yes, sir; yes, indeed, sir. I've got a good horse; I've got a cavalry horse."

"Can you get me to the Union Station in fifteen minutes?"

"No, sir; no, sir. I can't get you to the Union Station in fifteen minutes, but I can get you there in twenty minutes, sir."

"Did you say that was a cavalry horse?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir. He's a cavalry horse."

"Well, jump in and let me drive."

Whereupon they got in, the gentleman took the reins, and, to the darkey's amazement, gathering them up, called, "Squadron, attention!" The horse pricked up his ears. Then the gentleman called out, "Squadron, charge!" The horse put back his ears and galloped down Pennsylvania Avenue, the darkey holding on to the seat for dear life. When they approached the Union Station and came opposite the passenger's entrance, the gentleman called out, "Squadron, halt!" The horse settled back on his haunches, and with his four legs sprawling, slid up to the curb and came to a dead stop. The passenger alighted, paid the chuckling driver, and rushed off.

The next day, Dr. Barton came out of the Willard Hotel and accosted the same driver, saying:

"Uncle, I am in a hurry to get a train to New York. Can you get me to the Union Station in twenty minutes?"

"Yes, sir; yes, indeed sir. I've got a good cavalry horse here, sir. I can get you there in fifteen minutes, sir."

"All right," said the Doctor, "hurry along," and he jumped in.

To the Doctor's astonishment, the driver at once called out, "Squadron, attention!" And then, "Squadron, charge!" Whereupon the horse started down the avenue on the gallop, much to the Doctor's dismay. Finally, to his great surprise and horror, the horse went galloping by the station. The Doctor called out to the driver, "Here, stop! stop! I want to get out." The driver turned around in his seat, and with startled countenance said, "Mister, you-all will have to jump. I've clean forgot the right word to say; I can't stop him."

Speaking seriously, however, this courtesy of our Episcopal friends (to which Mr. Rice has referred), in giving the use of their Parish House for some of our supper guests, is fresh evidence of the close and cordial fellowship existing between the churches of this village. And this marks in a striking manner what these two hundred and fifty years have done for the village and the Commonwealth in religious matters, and gives the members of this church all the greater pleasure in having with us to-night so many friends from the other churches.

The only way the founders of this church could get the other denominations to come to it two hundred and fifty years ago, was by invoking the act of the legislature, which made their attendance compulsory and fined them for absence, and also by having the freeman's right to vote restricted to members of the Puritan Church! It was not the church *and* state, then. The church *was* the state!

I wonder how many here present realize that it was not until later in the summer of the year this church was established, that the first Baptist Church in Massachusetts was established; and that, in the autumn of that same year, the first performance of the Episcopal service took place in Boston.

At that time, these were two alarming inroads on ecclesiastical uniformity. But to-night, we are glad to welcome our friends of these several denominations into a fellowship that is both broad and sincere; and we believe that, if the founders of this church could return and voice their feelings, they would strive to outdo us in making all our friends doubly welcome to a common brotherhood and a common table. The heritage which we now hold, belongs, not alone to the members of this church and parish, but to this entire community. We fervently invite you to share it with us, and to help us hold and use it worthily.

The founders of this state, this community and this church, sprang from the common people, and were mighty men. Here, on this continent, and in this Commonwealth, they set up a government which they meant to be a theoc-

racy, but which in the providence of God, became the greatest democracy the world has ever known, and whose beneficent influence in these troublous days offers suffering humanity its greatest earthly hope and solace.

They founded the public school, which is the keystone of our liberty. And they left to us a strong, religious nature, which, though obscured oftentimes by the complexities of our modern life and its seeming shallowness and sham, yet, I venture to assert, deep down in our national and individual life controls our sober thought and directs our highest resolves.

Despite the tragedy now being enacted in Europe, despite the fears of many good people, and despite the scoffs of the pessimist, the world grows *better* as the world grows old. And I believe that, in our day and generation, we Americans are truly religious, and hold to the fundamental principles of the Puritans,—even though we profess our religion with more tolerance, and even at times seem careless of its safety and forgetful of its teachings. For the careful observer will find that, like the Puritans, we still are actuated in all our ways by a belief in God, a reverence for law, a love of liberty, and that also, like them, we pursue our destiny with courage, and a serene and lofty hope.

What the Puritans established in this community, their sons have preserved. And now, in the fulness of time, this heritage has been transmitted and entrusted to us, though not all of their blood, yet holding the faith they held, to serve our Maker and our country and our fellowmen, according to our lights. Truly, we of this generation, form a link "that binds all ages past with all that are to be."

And on this memorable occasion, and in this ancient church, all here present must, indeed, feel that

"the place

Where shining souls have passed imbibes a grace

Beyond mere earth; . . . some sweetness of their fames
Leaves in the soil its unextinguished trace,

That penetrates our lives, and heightens them, or shames."

THE TOASTMASTER

In the year 1636 two great institutions were established in Cambridge. One was the First Parish Church of Christ, the other, Harvard College. Of the former this church is an offspring and that college furnished its first five pastors who directed its course for one hundred seventy-five years. Much of our spirit and a great deal of our culture we claim from both these sources. It is a very great pleasure, therefore, to have with us this evening the present pastor of the church at Cambridge, the Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, and he will speak to us on "The Liberty of Prophesying." I have great pleasure in introducing to you Dr. Crothers of Cambridge.

RESPONSE BY REV. SAMUEL M. CROTHERS, D.D.

I feel that I ought not simply to bring the greetings of the First Church in Cambridge, but also of Minnesota, because when I heard those words from Duluth I remembered that it was just twenty years since I left St. Paul for Cambridge. That was a great year for Minnesota. I suppose neither of us felt in that year that we were going to survive and be in as good shape twenty years after. I hope that there are people in St. Paul who remember me also as having belonged to Minnesota at that time.

I also am glad to speak for one part of the First Church in Cambridge. Cambridge used to pride itself on its grammatical correctness and people, doubtless before the influx of Minnesota into this region, were interested in such questions as to whether we should say "the two Firsts" or "the first two" or something of that kind, but a few years ago in Cambridge in an excess of good feeling we threw grammatical propriety altogether to the winds in the interest of good feeling. I have been told that for a generation or two there had been a debate as to which was the first church in Cambridge. About the time I came there we had a meeting and we decided that there

were two first churches in Cambridge, and two there have been ever since, and if anybody objects to the idea that "two firsts" is not correct, it is correct enough for us over there, because we both of us, the two churches that have distinctly sprung from that First Church of Christ in Cambridge, cherish equally the great memory, and the past at least for us both is secure. It is characteristic of this region that no name seems to be particularly inaccurate. We have the New Old South Church and such names which perplex a stranger, and so it happens that in regard to this First Church of Christ in Cambridge it wasn't the first Church of Christ in Cambridge because Thomas Hooker of blessed memory had already been preaching there. For some reason or another he went to Hartford and took his church with him, but nobody to this day knows how much of Thomas Hooker's influence has been left in Cambridge.

I think as I look at you, however, how degenerate you must seem to the first settlers in the community who would go every week over to Cambridge for church, at least I suppose they did before you had a church here, and think nothing of it; beside the Thursday lecture which I have no doubt all the persons in this vicinity attended regularly. Now we hardly go so far afield for our religious services and yet, for myself, I believe that in this voluntary system which has been the outgrowth of experience we have not lost so much as we sometimes think in the loyalty to the church. Such a gathering as this shows that kind of loyalty, a loyalty which comes without any compulsion from any power outside ourselves. We go to church because the church meets some need in our lives.

The text that was given me for this evening is "The Liberty of Prophesying," and as I read it I thought how that to our minds generally brings back the peculiar Puritan traditions through which in early New England we got our connection with the great historic church. But you remember that that phrase "Liberty of Prophesying," however it may have been used by the Puritan, gained its

great vogue by a contemporary of the New England Puritans who was not himself a Puritan. It was a Bishop of the established Church of England, Bishop Jeremy Taylor, who wrote his great epoch-making book which he called "The Liberty of Prophesying," the great plea for religious toleration. He lived in an age of intolerance, and he made his plea there in the seventeenth century for toleration, for the liberty that comes to every man to speak out of his own heart the truth as he sees it. And I cannot leave on this occasion, I think, any word that would be more full of meaning than that with which Bishop Taylor ends his book on "The Liberty of Prophesying," because it is based on that which is fundamental, that is, that religion itself, true religion, implies preference just in so far as our religion is based, not on our personal whim, but on a belief in God. God is the eternal, the all comprehensive as the all comprehending. Bishop Taylor, in his book "The Spirit of Prophesying," ends with the story from the old Jewish writings of Abraham. He says that Abraham was sitting by his tent in the evening and an old man one hundred years old came to the tent and asked hospitality. Abraham received him and spread his mat for him and waited for some time until the old man should kneel in prayer. The old man didn't pray. Abraham wondered what was the matter and asked him and the old man said he wasn't accustomed to pray according to his form, that he was a fire worshiper, and did not agree with Abraham at all, so Abraham, according to the custom of the time, simply turned him out. And after a little while the Lord spoke to Abraham and said, "Abraham, where is your guest?" Abraham told him that he had turned him out, which was to him a religious act. And the Lord said, "Abraham, I have borne with this man one hundred years, and cannot you bear with him for at least one night?" Thereupon Abraham asked him back.

Now I suppose that is really what has happened; that is what I like to think has happened in this world; not that toleration has come because we are less interested in religion;

I don't think that that kind of toleration is an advance or a progress. I think that the real toleration which has come is something deeper than that. It is the conscience that we are standing here in the presence of a power greater than ours and that we are directly related to that power. It is a toleration which comes from the larger knowledge of the world, the need of greater variety in activity, above all the toleration which comes from greater reverence and greater patience.

THE TOASTMASTER

We have with us this evening a real descendent, a live Puritan exhibit, likewise an honored member of our judiciary. Judge Bacon is the great-grandson of Deacon Woodward who used to play that old violin in the other room when he was in the choir.

In the old Puritan days a young man about to start on a journey went to the closet for his rifle. His wife said to him, "Why do you take that rifle? Don't you know that your manner of going off and the hour have been decreed from long distant time and that that rifle cannot vary the decree one hair's breadth?" The young man replied, "I do not take the rifle with me to vary, but to execute the decree. What if I should meet an Indian on my journey whose time had come according to the decree and I didn't have my rifle with me?"

Judge Bacon was surprised in his court room this morning by a man coming in, when the Judge was on the bench and lost in reverie as to what he was going to say here tonight, and said, "Good morning, Judge. You don't seem to recognize me." The Judge said, "No, sir." He said, "Four years ago you sent me to prison and I have just got out and I thought I would make my first call on you." The Judge, absorbed in his speech, said, "Many happy returns of the day."

It gives me great pleasure to introduce Judge Bacon.

RESPONSE BY JUDGE WILLIAM F. BACON

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen: As I look on this group of wise and reverend men assembled on either side of me at this table, my position reminds me of a story, which may be old but is appropriate. An intoxicated individual stumbled into a revival service one evening and managing to make his way with some difficulty down the center aisle, sank into a front seat. The speaker was just closing his remarks, and as he finished he called upon every one who wished to go to Heaven to rise. Every one arose up but the inebriate. The speaker then asked those to rise who wished to go to,—the other place, and looked hard at the drunken man in front of him. The latter, realizing that something was expected of him, struggled to his feet, and as he looked round and saw nobody standing, except the minister and himself, said, "Mr. Chairman, it appears that you and me are in a hopeless minority."

Seventy years ago the means of transportation between Newton Centre and Newton (or Newton Corner, as the southsiders prefer to call it) were in some respects less satisfactory than they are to-day. The one horse chaise or sleigh could not compete, in the matter of speed, with the modern motor. And yet I fancy that my father was well content to let the old horse jog along with all moderation—as he used to bring over to the Old First Church, of a Sunday morning, the young woman, a southsider, by the way, who was destined to be my mother. The old horse did not skid into trees or telephone poles, his shoes were puncture-proof, and if perchance the sleigh did upset in a heavy drift down by the Old Cemetery, as sometimes happened, old Dick would look solemnly on while the young couple emerged from the drift and righted the sleigh.

Even in those days not every one was willing to take the trip to the Centre to attend church and it became evident that if people were to be induced to go to church, places of worship would have to be established near them. So arose a series of organizations, the children of this church,

and so at the same time was born the responsibility of this mother church for the actions of her children. I wonder if the members of this First Church realize how important it is for them to travel in the straight and narrow path. I think it can do no harm to remind them that we are looking to them to set the standard for the rest of us.

I admit that there is a counter-responsibility on our part. The child, when he reaches years of discretion, always feels a certain sense of responsibility for the propriety of the acts of its parents. I have two children, both in college, a boy and a girl, and I notice they do not hesitate to instruct their parents in what it is proper to do and to wear. They volunteer their criticism of the old folks with astonishing frankness, and if in their opinion any custom or style is out of date, we are told of it in unmistakable terms. Our mother church may similarly expect to be set right from time to time by her children. And in these days, when the old ladies are said to spend half their time in learning the one step and "the lame duck," and the rest of their time in playing auction bridge, it cannot be out of place for the children to have a watchful eye on them.

Seriously, a man or woman whose parents were steadfast, God-fearing Christians has throughout life a powerful incentive to right living. In the same way, a church which had its beginnings as a child of a stalwart, aggressive mother church, has, throughout its history, an example to follow and to look up to, which should keep it true to the ideals and principles imparted to it at its birth.

Mr. Toastmaster, your young daughter, the Church around at the Corner, wishes to express the hope that the long, honorable and useful career of this grand old First Church may continue forever.

THE TOASTMASTER

The gentleman whom I am now about to call upon has a unique position here. His name appears upon the roll of two of the oldest churches of New England, the Old South

Church of Boston, and the older First Church of Christ in Cambridge, and this church, though last, is not least in love, since he proposed to join her, having found the ideal for which he was seeking. He is to speak on "Church Folks," and if any one can claim a companionship with church folk, he can, because he has been identified himself with them from his earliest childhood.

Coming home from the Old South one day when a small boy his mother asked him what the sermon was about that morning. He said the sermon that morning was on the text "Come in, darling." His mother said, "Why, no, that cannot be." He hung to it so long that his mother finally inquired of one of the deacons and found that it was, "Walk in love."

Mr. Hall, ladies and gentlemen.

RESPONSE BY HON. J. M. W. HALL

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen: I feel very much at home this evening, and yet somewhat of a stranger. I am rather confused by the peculiar relation which I sustain to this church and to the mother of this church. My maternal ancestress, Mary Hall, was one of the earliest members of the First Church in Cambridge, the date being 1639. The Rev. Dr. Hooker, who was pastor and had decided to move from Cambridge and settle in Hartford, did all he could to carry the members of the church with him. Some of them declined to go, among whom was the said Mary Hall.

I was for many years, before coming to Newton, a member of this First Church in Cambridge and when I came to Newton Centre, I became a member of this church, which is the oldest daughter of the First Church in Cambridge.

For recreation and for easy working out, I would like to have you solve the problem of this relationship. By inheritance a *grandson*; and by adoption a *son* of the First Church in Cambridge. When I united with the church here, I became a *son of the daughter* of the First Church in

Cambridge; and the question is, who am I? Am I a grandson, or a son, or a son of a son, and if I should ever transfer my relationship (as I have no immediate thought of doing) to the First Church in Cambridge, would I be my own uncle? And what relation would my grandmother then sustain to me?

I am afraid that when you begin to think of the problem, your answer will be that I am a son of a son really, and "an heir to all" kinds of inheritances that fade not away.

The subject selected for me to speak on this evening is "Church Folks." A large subject, and as the time is short to analyze it, I am going to divide it into three parts, illustrating each, and leaving you to make the application.

My first point: In this matter we are apt to think that "church folks" are different from other folks. Well, are they? That is, can you identify "church folks" from any other class on the street or in an assembly? Their personal appearance? How they look? What they are doing? The company they are in? The illustration is this: Not long ago I was in New York waiting to take the midnight train for Boston. On walking down Sixth Avenue, having an hour to wait, I saw a newsboy crying as if his heart would break. I said, "My little boy, what troubles you?" He said, "My father beats me if I don't sell all my papers before I get home." I said, "How many have you?" We counted them—thirty-four. I said, "I will pay you for them and you can take them to the newspaper office and they will redeem them, and you can have that much extra." I passed on feeling perhaps I had done a good turn on that chilly night. After walking a little way, I turned back and who should I find in that same spot but that same boy with the same tears and same papers. I went up to a policeman, and said, "I don't want you to do anything with that chap, but that little cuss persuaded me with tears to buy all his papers because he would be beaten if he did not sell them, and here he is crying his heart out as hard as ever." The policeman said, "Oh he thought you were one of those church folk coming home from meeting!" He added,

"That was an easy one on you, wasn't it?" I said, "Yes, it was, but what does that boy use to cry so easy—onion juice?" He replied, "They can cry as easy as they can laugh. That boy will probably sell those papers three or four times over to-night." Now, then, how can you tell church folk? Is it that they are easy to be imposed on? Or that their sympathies are not well educated,—and so lack insight? Or is a small newsboy a match for adult church folk?

My second point is by contrast: I walked on toward the depot and saw across the street an illuminated sign, "Rescue Mission." I said to myself, "I guess I can spend fifteen minutes there." I had never been in one of the kind before. As I went in, I said to the man at the door, "Are these seats all free?" He said, "Yes," so I took a seat in the middle of the room, a room holding about two hundred. There were about one hundred and twenty-five there, mostly men, a few women. The man who had charge of the meeting kept beckoning for me to come up front. I paid no attention to him. He did that three or four times. As one after another related their experiences, I noticed he kept beckoning to me. At last I got up and went out and said to the man at the door, "What was that man beckoning to me for?" He said, "You happened to sit in the place where the latest reformed drunkards sit and he thought you were one, so he beckoned for you to come up and give an account of your reform." I went out thoughtful and asking myself, how can you tell church folks; do they look like reformed drunkards? Between being imposed on by a "gamin," and presenting myself in a mission meeting as a "reformed drunkard," how can anyone tell church folks from other simple, unsuspecting people?

My third point is the answer to several questions the illustrations have suggested.

How and where shall we be sure we are and are with "church folks"? The answer is right here before us, perfectly illustrated. Here is a large company of those who are met to congratulate the oldest sister of one branch of

our common faith on having attained her two hundred and fiftieth birthday anniversary; and as we receive your congratulations we know you are each saying, "Not as though I had already attained"—"but I press toward the mark for the prize" of *our* two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. We gladly receive these congratulations and wish you all "God-speed" and the highest achievements, as you press toward this goal.

What a company this is of all these different denominations, and yet holding a common faith, a common hope. Surely we realize with unusual force the words of our familiar hymn:

"One family we dwell in Him
One church above—beneath,"

And what a company this is! No ordinary gathering this! As the freshman class carried a banner on the day of the celebration of Harvard's two hundred and fiftieth anniversary having this inscription, "Harvard has waited two hundred and fifty years for us," so we can claim the same distinguished honor for this gathering.

We are glad to welcome you as brothers and sisters, to share our years of achievement, and our hopes for yet larger success in the years before us.

Newton Centre has enjoyed many pleasant social occasions. It is a model in many respects of all that is true and best and hopeful in community life. This evening will add one more laurel to our victories, for here we have realized as never before, perhaps, that we are brothers and sisters, rejoicing in each other's success; participating in one another's joys; sharing one another's cares and hopes, and looking forward to the "house of many mansions," where we shall no longer find Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians and all other denominational names as guide-boards, but as we each reach the "gates of pearl" and the "streets of gold," and the gates open to receive us and we are asked, "Who are you and where from?" we shall have just one answer, "We are from

Newton Centre; just plain church folks." And I think we shall find the home prepared for us will be the *first street* on the *right side*.

THE TOASTMASTER

The next speaker is variously introduced as an eminent divine and a great educator, but to us here he is our good neighbor and friend, Dr. Huntington. You all know his genial manner with children. He was going by the church with Mrs. Huntington the other day. They met two children dressed just alike. The Doctor patted them on the head and said, "Are you twins?" "No, sir; we are Methodists." Dr. Huntington.

RESPONSE BY REV. WILLIAM E. HUNTINGTON, D.D., LL.D.

Mr. Toastmaster, Brethren and Sisters: I feel as though I were among my own kindred and in the fellowship of my own "household of Faith" as I share in your festivities this evening. As I look upon Dr. Furber's splendid portrait on the opposite wall, I am reminded of the intimate friendship that our family enjoyed with him during many of his later years. For we were his next door neighbors. Then, after Dr. Furber passed into the Better Country, the parsonage became the home of Dr. May, the skilful, patient and faithful physician, who is ready, morning, noon and night, to go out on his errands of comfort and healing. My relations with your pastor have always been delightful. A preacher of rare ability, of scholarly tastes and habits, a true shepherd in his pastoral relations, a broad-minded and loyal citizen, he has made himself a power in our whole community.

It is not an exaggeration for me to confess to you that I am a *near* Congregationalist! My Pilgrim ancestor, one of the Mayflower company, was Richard Warren. One of the signers of the Declaration of Independence was Samuel Huntington of Connecticut, an early member of

the Huntington "clan" to which my forebears belonged. While I am not a Congregationalist, I think the blood of those Pilgrim and Puritan ancestors runs warmly in my veins, and I feel a distinct and vital friendship for those who are the hosts of this occasion. My grandfather, Rev. Dan Huntington, was the predecessor of Dr. Lyman Beecher, as pastor of the Congregational Church at Litchfield, Connecticut. Rev. Dr. Barton told me of a singular dream that startled him from his slumbers not long since. He said "In my vision my son came to me in some trepidation and exclaimed, "Did you know, father, that Dr. Huntington had become a Roman Catholic?" In the language of the Apostle's Creed I am ready to say "I believe in the Holy Catholic—Universal—Church," and by the ties that bind me to a noble ancestry I am a *near* Congregationalist.

The text given to me by the toastmaster is—Loyalty to Conscience. The Pilgrims and the Puritans made much of conscience in their theories of moral and religious life. We are prone to criticise their conception of conscience, calling it rigid, severe, uncompromising. But, in our times, when moral standards are so often blurred and disregarded, it is after all refreshing to think of the sturdy type of ethical conduct that those founders of American nationality held so high and lived up to so well. Sometimes what is called conscience is only a whim. One of my university colleagues was accustomed at one period to go to a summer school for ministers, in Pennsylvania, where he lectured on the relations of philosophy and religion. His hearers were from the rural districts, earnest, faithful ministers, but having somewhat crude notions as to interpretation of certain Scriptures and in regard to questions of duty. One man would not wear buttons on his coat, for he considered it sinful to fasten his garments with anything but hooks and eyes. Another would not send his children to the high school because the apostolic injunction is—"Mind not *high* things."

A mere prejudice may be so fostered and misnamed as to

act the rôle of conscience. Pilgrim and Puritan were not guiltless in this perversion. Prejudice of race against race, prejudice of class against class, prejudice arising from a foolish antipathy, all such forms of narrow and critical judgments of fellow men when exalted to the place and function of conscience are mischievous, and loyalty to these travesties upon conscience is a sad mockery.

A false definition may be made to do the work of conscience and men may give to it their loyal service. The noble principle of liberty may be wrongly defined and applied in political and moral relations; and that false definition may be taken as the very essence of a so-called conscience. Scriptures may suffer from wrong definition and interpretation, and mistaken opinion derived from these be exalted to the place of conscience. There can be no real loyalty to an unreal conscience.

When we visited California a few years since it was our privilege to go to the top of Mount Wilson where there is the largest reflecting telescope in the world. Astronomers selected that site for the observatory in order to have a pure atmosphere through which to look into the heavens; that mountain top is far above the dusty plain of Pasadena. We want a lofty spiritual elevation for conscience. The old Puritan conscience, sometimes narrow, sometimes distorted, sometimes a mere whimsey, is not the moral dynamic needed in our time, but conscience raised to a height where it may be flooded with the moral life and light that radiates from the Sermon on the Mount. We want a conscience that sends us out to our fellow men, to the poor, the disheartened, the forsaken, the sinful. For conscience's sake, for Christ's sake, we ought to let the light of the gospel shine into their hearts as well as our own. There is only one supreme authority for moral life. The divine law is its only tribunal. We have come to a time when a new definition of patriotism is demanded, when brotherly duties to fellow men reach across national boundaries, when loyalty to king or kaiser is not enough; but loyalty

to the Ruler of all men is the only patriotism that will answer the eternal standards of the Almighty.

I am sure, my friends, that you are with me in this great desire that I now express that we may pledge ourselves anew to utmost loyalty to the enlightened conscience within us, making it the guide of conduct, the inspiration of all wholesome duty, as we go out on our several paths of service to our Master and the church.

TOASTMASTER

A toast is often a prayer. At family gatherings toasts are drunk to absent friends. On our frontiers they drink to wives and sweethearts. They all respond to the toast to the flag. And I give you all these three toasts and ask you all to join in singing the last verse of America.

CLOSING SERVICE

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 2, 1914

CLOSING SERVICE

LONG before the hour announced, the crowd began to gather, and when the guests at the banquet came in to occupy the seats reserved for them, the rest of the house was already filled. While they were waiting, Mr. Maclean gave another organ recital, playing the Grand Choeur in G minor, by *Guilmant*, the Scottish Eclogue, by *Salome*, the Prelude, Clerambault (composed 1676) by *Wheeldon*, and the Festival Prelude, by *Ravanello*.

The opening hymn was "I love Thy Kingdom, Lord." The choir sang Smart's "Te Deum Laudamus." The Scriptures were read and prayer was offered by the pastor.

PRAYER

REV. EDWARD MACARTHUR NOYES

O Thou, Who art from everlasting to everlasting and whose years fail not, we rejoice in Thine unchanging love, in Thy fidelity to the successive generations of men. We praise Thee that though generations come and go, Thou remainest faithful. Our fathers trusted in Thee and Thou didst deliver them, and their children and their children's children have tasted Thine unchanging love and have leaned upon Thy Word and have found it an unfailing support; and so we lift up our hearts and our voices unto Thee, our fathers' God and our God, and seek for the continuance upon us in our day of that blessing in the strength of which they lived and in the hope of which they died. Give unto us this night, we pray Thee, Thy guidance for our efforts. May all our worship be acceptable in Thy sight, and may we go out from this House of God with a new sense of the

greatness of life, with a new vision of its opportunities for service, a greater sense of its responsibility and obligations, and a new purpose to do, so far as in us lies, Thy will. And so, adding unto our faith, knowledge, and in our knowledge supplying temperance, and in our temperance, brotherly-kindness, and in our brotherly-kindness, charity, may we go on, adding more strength to strength, until every one of us shall appear before God, and unto Him be the glory, now and evermore. Amen.

After the prayer, the choir sang Sullivan's "I Will Mention Thy Loving-Kindness," and the pastor then introduced the speaker of the evening as follows:

Congregationalists were sometimes called at the beginning of their history Independents or Separatists because their cardinal principle was that each church was a self-governing body acknowledging no authority outside of and above itself, except the authority of the risen Lord, and they have never abandoned that fundamental principle. But they have found as the years have gone by that if they got together for counsel and also for co-operation, carrying on the great work in one enterprise, it would be better. So at last we have after many years a great National Council in which all the Congregational Churches of the land are represented. I suppose if we had anything that corresponded to a Bishop it would be the Moderator of the National Council; and I am very glad we have the honor to-night to have with us as the speaker of this closing service, he whom the churches at this period of the National Council have chosen to honor in selecting him to be their Moderator; and I am very glad to introduce to you as the speaker, the Dean of the Yale School of Religion, the Rev. Charles R. Brown, D.D., Moderator of the National Council of the Congregational Churches.

THE CHURCH THAT STANDS FOUR-SQUARE

BY REV. CHARLES REYNOLDS BROWN, D.D.

WHEN John had his vision on the Isle of Patmos he saw a Holy City, an ideal social order. It was not a stationary ideal, it was moving. It was coming down out of heaven from God. It was coming down out of the realm of fancy into the realm of accomplished fact.

Not away yonder in the skies but here on this common earth there was to come an order of life that would have in it the glory of God, causing it to shine like a cluster of jewels. Here on this earth was to come an order of life into which the kings of the earth, the mighty ruling forces of society, would bring their glory and honor. Here on this earth was to be worked out an order of life into which nothing would enter that would defile or work abomination, or make a lie. It was a magnificent ideal, not static but dynamic, not stationary but moving, coming down out of heaven from God, out of the realm of vision into the realm of spiritual achievement.

This ideal social order stood four-square. It faced in every direction; it fronted squarely and directly on every conceivable human interest and activity. It stood there with three gates on each side, "on the east three gates, on the west three gates, on the north three gates, on the south three gates." It was openly inviting all these varied human interests to come in and receive interpretation and illumination at the hands of the spiritual forces there resident. It stood there solid, symmetrical, four-square, facing all the winds of influence that might blow, ready to send out its own beneficent influence on every field of human effort.

Now I take it that this may well represent the ideal Christian church. It, too, must be an open, hospitable

place, calling upon the kings of the earth, the mighty ruling forces of human society, to bring their glory and honor into it. It, too, undertakes to fill this entire life of ours with divine glory so that it will have no need of the sun or the moon to lighten it. It undertakes to interpret and illuminate all the various interests and activities of human life by the spiritual forces which it embodies. And to do this it must in like manner stand four-square, facing upon all there is.

I wonder how far our own Pilgrim churches have measured up to that comprehensive ideal? When I study their history I find that these four fundamental interests have been faced and met.

I. The Interest of Christian Education.

This is one of the primary fundamental interests of our Christian faith. The title which Jesus received most commonly and most willingly was that of "Master." He called his followers "Disciples," that is to say, "learners" or "pupils" in the mode of life He came to introduce. He was in the habit of saying, "I am the Truth; and ye shall know the Truth; and the Truth shall make you free"—free from all that would hurt or hinder their growth and usefulness. The redemption of those men would be like an educational process in spiritual nurture and culture.

When Jesus saw the multitude He opened His mouth not to scold them, not to flatter them—"He opened His mouth and taught them" what they needed to know. When He finished the people were astonished at His doctrine because He taught them as One having the authority of immediate, first-hand knowledge of spiritual reality. He was ready to stake the future of His cause on the slow, patient, but irresistible processes of spiritual education. He believed that His followers could go forth and by instruction and persuasion, by the power of moral appeal and right example build a kingdom of thought, feeling and purpose against which the gates of hell could not prevail.

Now the Congregational church has from the first had

this interest of Christian education upon its heart. The Pilgrims landed at Plymouth in 1620. They were compelled like the apostles of old to work in hunger and cold, in weariness and painfulness, in perils of savages and in perils of the wilderness. Yet, in exactly sixteen years from the time they landed on that bleak coast, they, out of their penury, founded Harvard College, which abides to this day as the leading university on this continent.

They were not giving their surplus change as multi-millionaires are wont to do in the endowment of colleges and universities. They were giving away their very substance in such fashion as to involve hardship and self-sacrifice. They founded Harvard in 1636; then followed Yale in 1701. And then Amherst and Dartmouth, Williams and Bowdoin, Oberlin and Beloit, Colorado and Whitman, Mount Holyoke, Smith and Wellesley for the higher education of women—and more than a score of other colleges, all founded by the people of our faith and order. They did it primarily that they might have a trained and educated ministry. They would not offer to the Lord at their altars of worship or in the pulpits of instruction that which had cost them nothing. And they would also provide for the instruction of young men and maidens for all the walks of life under the stimulus and guidance of Christian ideals.

If we should call the roll of the great college presidents we have raised up, it would make a permanent and glorious addition to that list of worthies contained in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. These men also wrought righteousness and obtained promises, they subdued kingdoms of ignorance and ungodliness, putting to flight great armies of aliens who warred against the higher ideals of a Christian commonwealth. Mark Hopkins and Theodore Woolsey, Noah Porter and Timothy Dwight, Daniel C. Gilman and William J. Tucker, James B. Angell and Cyrus D. Northrop! These great leaders were engaged in "the care and culture of men," which Emerson says is the highest form of human effort. If you would find their monuments look not in any place of cold marble—look into the lives of those men who,

on all the varied fields of human effort, are showing that they have caught the vision and are living in the service of life at its best. The men who have given of their best to the great interests of Christian education have been master builders in the rearing of that ideal social order which is to stand four-square.

The real work of education grows every year more vital. The campus abuts more directly on the market-place and the polling place. The highest buildings look off with unobstructed view upon the farm and the factory, the mill and the mine, the home and the church. They were built in the first place to minister directly to all the main forms of everyday life.

You will occasionally find people, some of them on the campus and some of them off the campus, to whom knowledge is nothing but a statement. It is a statement to be written out and printed in a book for other people to read. "Here is knowledge," they say, "read it, study it, memorize it if you will, and in the day of examination you will be saved."

You will find others to whom knowledge is nothing but a tool. It is a tool which can be set to dig or to build, to heal or to plead, to teach or to preach, and thus made to yield a financial return. "Here is knowledge," they say, "master the use of it and it will put money in thy purse."

You will find others to whom knowledge is nothing but a picture to be framed and hung on the wall. "Here is knowledge," they say, "learn to admire it as a man of culture; read Browning twice in the week; give a tithe of your time to the *Atlantic Monthly* and you will be numbered with the élite." The abstract, the commercial and the decorative ideas of knowledge all have their turn at the bat, and they all fail to score when the game is written up because they deal only with that which is secondary.

The primary office of knowledge is to make people alive; alive at more points, alive on higher levels, alive in more interesting and effective ways. The school enters the community saying, "I am come that you might have life and

that you might have it more abundantly. This know and thou shalt live." It undertakes to send out into the highways and byways young men and women who are alive to their finger tips—alive all the way up, and all the way down, and all the way in. It would make them alive in their hearts with noble sentiments and fine purposes as well as in their heads; alive in their souls with a sense of the deeper and more enduring values as well as in their hands trained to profitable tasks. The school at its best is the competent and willing servant of life at its best.

When Bronson Alcott was living in Concord he strolled one day into the village school. He was invited to address the school. He stood up, looking at the children with that genuine interest he felt in whatever was human—and I suppose the ordinary schoolroom would yield as many bushels of pure, unadulterated human nature to the acre as any field to be named.

He presently burst out, "What did you children come here for?" They looked at each other, whispered a little, giggled a little, feeling rather tickled on the whole at being inquired of, instead of being preached to. Finally, one of the bolder spirits raised his hand and said, "We came to learn." "To learn what?" Mr. Alcott asked. Again the children meditated and recalled, perhaps, the particular aspects of their experience at school which had impressed them most, and the answer came back, "To learn to behave."

"You have it right," the philosopher said. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," out of the utterances of those simple, direct, childlike minds which say just what they think, the world adds mainly to its store of knowledge. The children had come there above all else that they might learn to behave, wisely, nobly, usefully.

By this I do not mean the transformation of the exercises of the schoolroom into a preaching service. I mean that the whole process of education should be firmly held within the grip of that moral purpose which undertakes to send out young men and maidens with both the ability and the disposition to behave wisely, nobly, usefully. The

school is the servant of life in the broadest sense and the Pilgrim churches have done well in giving thorough, generous attention to the great interests of Christian education.

II. The Cause of Christian Missions.

The first three words Jesus uttered were, "Come, Follow, Abide." "Come unto Me and I will give you rest. Come unto Me and I will give you Eternal Life." This invited the movement of the life toward that which is central and fundamental.

"Follow Me and I will make you fishers of men." Follow Me and I will make you the servants of life. This indicates the further movement of the life not on lines identical with His, but parallel.

"Abide in Me and ye shall bring forth much fruit." This indicates the more intimate dynamic relation of the life to Him, not provided for in the idea of coming or following.

"Come, Follow, Abide"—these were His first three words, but there was a fourth and last word. Just before He left His disciples He said, "Go." This provides for the expression of that quality of life gained by coming, following, and abiding, in concrete action and service. Go! Go everywhere! Tell everybody! Go into all the world and tell the good news you have received to every creature! And lo, I am with you in that great work even unto the consummation of your highest hopes. It was the great task of world-wide Christian missions which He there laid upon their hearts.

The Congregational church has made a splendid showing on that side of our four-square life. Those young men of prophetic mood held their haystack meeting at Williams College and it led to the organization of the American Board of Foreign Missions. They knelt down saying, "We can do it if we will." They rose up saying, "We can do and we will."

Some of the most eminent names in missionary service on all the fields of earth are the names of men who caught the fire of missionary zeal at our altars. Hiram Bingham and

Titus Coan in Hawaii; Hamlin, Riggs and Barton in Turkey; Arthur H. Smith in China; John H. DeForest and Sidney L. Gulick in Japan; Robert A. Hume in India, and a great host of others! Write these names also in your postscript to the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. These men also wrought righteousness and obtained promises; they subdued kingdoms and turned to flight the armies of aliens. They went out not knowing whither they went, but when they began to achieve they saw the Kingdom of God coming in those darker lands with power and great glory.

The record in home missionary effort is no less brilliant. The action of the young man or young woman in leaving home and kindred for missionary service abroad is more picturesque. The work of the foreign missionary as he ministers to men and women strangely clad and of an alien tongue has more of romance in it. But for sheer devotion to an ideal, for self-sacrifice which cuts down to the quick, for unflagging effort looking toward high ends, there is nothing finer in Christian history than the work of hundreds of our home missionaries.

They have gone out with no waving of banners and with no sound of trumpets to the lumber camps and the mining towns, to little lonely churches in rural communities and to the moral frontiers in our great cities to labor among unresponsive immigrants. All honor to them for this magnificent service! We had an "Iowa Band" which came out of Andover and their names are written across the moral life of that commonwealth in the Middle West to stay. We had a "Yale Band" for the state of Washington and they carried the finest Christian traditions of that university and engraved them upon the eager, restless life of the Northwest. We had other similar bands recruited from many of the older institutions of the East going out to the frontier that the gospel of Christ might make its full appeal through their cultured and consecrated lives. The spirit said, "Go" and they went—and all the states of this Union, west of the Alleghanies, still rise up and call them blessed.

We have learned that the work of home missions is no

small charity on the side, to which the prosperous may now and then give a bit of patronizing attention. We have learned not to make our appeals with harrowing stories of the most intimate needs of the home missionary's wife and children. We feel now that the work of home missions is the act of the Christian portion of the nation taking upon its heart the sense of responsibility for the spiritual welfare of the whole nation. It is the act of the Christian forces of the nation girding themselves to drive back those forces of ignorance, of indifference and of sin, which make against the peace of this our Israel. The army of aggression is made up out of our own home missionary men and women.

We have changed the form of appeal in the work of foreign missions. The old rescue idea of snatching the heathen as brands from the burning before it was eternally too late does not interest men or move the heart, or open the purse as it once did. We do not know as much to-day about the final judgment as our forefathers knew or professed to know. We believe that "the mercy of God is from everlasting and to everlasting"; we believe that "His compassions fail not" and we do not attempt to be wise above what is written in undertaking to indicate the final destiny of those less-favored peoples who have never heard of Christ.

We have also changed our mental attitude toward the non-Christian religions. We have no words of contempt for those imperfect faiths. We believe that whatever light has fallen upon the page of duty and privilege in any land has come ultimately from that true light which is destined to light every man coming into the world. We believe that "in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him" whether the man knows exactly how to spell God's name or not.

But we feel all the more keenly as a result of our more thorough and sympathetic study of comparative religion that we are under obligation to share with those less-favored lands the best we have; and the best we have in this civilization of ours is our Christian faith. We are,

therefore, set upon the exporting in generous measure of Christian physicians, Christian teachers, Christian preachers, with the hospital, the school and the church, all permeated by the Christian spirit. We send them out to build themselves strongly and vitally into the life of those lands which await our help. And just in proportion as travel and observation bring home to us the need of moral renewal and of spiritual dynamic in all those lands, this obligation becomes the more insistent.

When I was pastor of the First Church in Oakland, California, I could go into the belfry of my church and look straight out through the Golden Gate. I could see the great steamships of the Pacific Mail Line, the *Manchuria*, the *Mongolia*, the *Siberia*, the *Korea*, the very names of them indicative of our points of contact beyond that widest of all the seas. I could see these great ships coming and going through the Golden Gate. I knew that deep down in the hold of each one of these ships as they came in were the teas and the silks, the teak wood and the lacquer of the Orient, sent here to cheer and to adorn this life of ours. Through the portholes I could almost hear the murmur of alien voices and see the appealing look on alien faces as those strangely clad men came to this land of opportunity to better their condition.

I knew that they represented a great unprivileged multitude who would never come, but would look this way with longing in their hearts. They would look through that Golden Gate at my church steeple and at yours with an unvoiced moral appeal in their hearts. And I used to feel that in their hearts and before Him with whom we have to do, we would never stand right unless we were sending out through that Golden Gate in generous measure all the blessings of this Christian civilization which we enjoy.

It is for the churches of our faith to face squarely the great moral frontiers. Yonder in non-Christian lands, black men and brown men, yellow men and red men, await the influence of Christ's gospel! Here in our own land if you "arise and go toward the south" you will find "a man

of Ethiopia" waiting for some one to guide him as to the meaning of what he reads; waiting to be baptized into all the helpfulness of our Christian institutions! Here in our own land also the ends of the earth have come together, massing themselves in all our great cities! The immigrants, having broken their home ties and their old religious affiliations, constitute one of our greatest problems. In the face of it all the church that is at ease is already accursed of God for not coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. It is for every Pilgrim church to build strongly and generously on that side of its four-square life.

III. The Task of Social Service.

The word social is in danger of being overworked. In some quarters the people show signs of weariness when the social applications of religion or the social activities of Christian service are being urged. The word had to be overworked to break up the fallow ground of a long-lying, contented individualism.

But the idea of social service is not something new and fantastic, a novelty that some clever man worked out over night. It has been one of the chartered rights and duties of the Christian movement from the very first. When Jesus made His first public address there in the synagogue at Nazareth He struck the social note fairly and firmly. "The spirit of the Lord is upon Me because He hath anointed Me to preach good tidings to the poor. He hath sent Me to bind up the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and to set at liberty them that are bruised."

Those words might have been embodied literally in Lincoln's First Inaugural Address or in his Emancipation Proclamation. They are there in spirit. They might be engraved literally on the doorpost of Graham Taylor's house in Chicago Commons—they are there in substance. They might sound forth when Washington Gladden makes his social appeal or sings, "Oh, Master, let me walk with Thee." They are there in the spiritual quality of this modern prophet's utterances. Social service is a part of

the simple, original, apostolic Christianity which we find in the New Testament.

How natural it has been that many of the pioneers in this form of Christian effort, both ministers and laymen, have been men of our Pilgrim faith! It has been in the line of a genuine, apostolic succession. Our predecessors, the Puritan pastors of New England, dreamed of a day when they would have a genuine theocracy, a life ruled from on high by the spirit of God; when all their interests, civic and industrial, educational and social, would be ruled by the will of God.

They showed this in the three-fold use they made of a certain substantial building standing usually on the center of the Green. Lumber was scarce and dear, so that economy was imperative. On Sunday this building was used as a meeting-house; on the five succeeding days as a school-house; and on Saturday as the townhouse. The same walls which had resounded under the mighty spiritual appeals of those sturdy preachers echoed back the voices of little children as they learned the multiplication table and declared the mysteries of English grammar; and then still later in the week the same walls heard the earnest debates of the citizens as they chose their selectmen and transacted the civil business of the community. It was a trinity of manifestation, one house revealing itself as meeting-house, schoolhouse, and townhouse. This served to bring their entire life under the power of a spiritual consecration.

The church, by the sheer strength of its spiritual influence, must still stand central in all the varied interests of our community life. It is the business of the church to deepen that sense of economic justice which will lead to a more equitable distribution of the joint products of brawn and brain. It is the business of the church to stand for a more democratic spirit in the control of the great industries because the main office of those industries is not to make money, but to make men. It is the business of the church to permeate the community more thoroughly with that sort of intelligent good will which alone can serve as the

informing and directing agent in the development of a type of life which is to replace the present social disorder. It is the business of the church to insist that there is a Will of God in all this buying and selling, employing and being employed, producing, transporting, and exchanging—and that men can only be right in their hearts when they enter upon these activities saying, "Thy will be done here as it is done among the stars." It is the business of the four-square church to undertake all this, knowing how insufficient it is for the high and hard task, but knowing also that its strength will be made perfect in weakness if it sets its heart upon those things which are right in the sight of God.

When I think of the thousands of depleted, insufficiently paid workers in this broad land, toiling oftentimes far into the night in close quarters with bad air, and remember who it was who said, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," I tremble for my country! When I see the mass of useless, debilitating luxury,¹ much of it made possible by a lack of equity in the distribution of the proceeds of effort between those who produce and those who are to consume, and remember who it was that said, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth; if any man would be My disciple let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow," I am afraid. When I see in this broad land of ours something like two millions of little children under the age of sixteen engaged in gainful occupations, being depleted in body, brain, and heart, toiling in mills and mines and factories, when they ought to be at school or playing in the open air, when I see all this and think who it was that said "Suffer the little children to come unto Me; whoso shall cause one of these little ones to stumble, it were better that a millstone were tied about his neck and that he were thrown into the sea," I shudder over the situation. We can never stand right with Him until we are striving to have His will done on all these broad areas of human interests.

When that shirtwaist factory burned in New York City

a few years ago and burned up one hundred and forty-three working girls with it, the people held a mass meeting of protest the following Sunday in the Metropolitan Opera House. The place was packed. Bishop Greer spoke for the Christian people of the city, Rabbi Wise spoke for the Hebrews, and Jacob Schiff, capitalist and philanthropist, spoke for the kind-hearted people of good fortune. Many wise and kind words were uttered by those gentlemen. Then Miss Rose Schneiderman, head of the Shirtwaist Makers' Union was introduced. Here is what she said,—
"This is not the first time working girls have been burned alive in the city of New York because men were breaking the law. On an average one working girl is killed each week and thousands are injured in the course of the year by unprotected, dangerous machinery. The lives of men and women are so cheap and property is so sacred. I should be a traitor to those poor burned bodies if I stood here and simply talked good fellowship. We have tried you good people and we have found you wanting. You give us a dollar apiece all around in charity in the face of a calamity like this, but when we come out in the only way we know to protest against conditions which are unbearable, then the strong hand of authority is down upon us instantly. I stand here to protest against the injustice of it all."

The great audience listened in silence. The feeling was tense. The very contrast between that vital thrust and the placid, pallid things which had been said before made her sentences cut like knives. The people listened and thought, and drew long breaths, and then they rose up as one man, and shouted their approval as no Metropolitan audience ever shouted over the triumph of some singer like Melba or Caruso. The moral note had been struck and they rose to it. The moral note had been struck and it was a note of justice. Pity, compassion, kindness—they are all good, but something more fundamental, more masculine, is needed first. This demand for justice between man and man in all the organized industrial life of our nation is the fundamental necessity.

We profess to have the words of Eternal Life in our keeping as a church of the living God. We profess to have the oracles of God which we are commissioned to tell to the world. We stand as the organized expression of the Christian impulse of the community. It is for us then to face all these social problems wisely, patiently, but squarely. It is for us to stimulate interest, to inspire action, to proclaim the full content of the Christian gospel until, in this troubled world of work which eats up six-sevenths of the time and strength of our people, we shall see the ideal social order which John saw, coming down out of heaven from God to be set in operation here on this common earth.

IV. The Work of Evangelism.

Here we touch upon that which is fundamental to all the rest. The splendid work of Christian education is an expression of Christian impulse already begotten in the hearts of men and women who are Christians. The work of missions is carried on with the money and by the consecrated manhood and womanhood of those who are already enrolled in the service of Christ. If we are to have that glorious thing called "Applied Christianity" in all these forms of social service we must have some Christianity to apply. Lincoln used to say, "If I am to be President of the United States I must first see to it that there is a United States to be President of." Our first concern, therefore, underlying all these other interests I have named, is to see that we have an increasing supply of Christianity which may find expression along these varied lines.

The Master never allowed this simple, primary interest to be obscured. "Follow Me," he said, "and I will make you fishers of men." He sent His disciples out as good shepherds to find the lost sheep—the shepherd was not to come back until he could lay that lost sheep on his shoulders and bring it home rejoicing. Jesus breathed on His followers and said, "Receive ye the Holy Spirit! Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted. Whatsoever you loose on earth shall be loosed in the realm of moral per-

manence." They were to make full proof of their ministry by doing effectively the work of the evangelist.

Our Pilgrim churches have not been lacking at this point. The Great Awakening which did so much toward furnishing the necessary moral fibre for the War of Independence was ushered in by the mighty evangelistic preaching of Jonathan Edwards. The spiritual passion in New York State, in Pennsylvania, and in the Western Reserve of Ohio, which aided so grandly in freeing the slaves, owed much to the great revivals initiated by President Finney of Oberlin. And the whole world knows that the greatest evangelist of the nineteenth century was Dwight L. Moody, a sturdy, consecrated, Congregational layman. The work of these Congregational evangelists was not mere noise and froth, creating a nine days' wonder and then leaving the community cold. It was the honest, thorough, effective enlisting of great numbers of thoughtful men and women in the open, active service of Jesus Christ. We cannot have too much of that type of evangelism.

It is all the better in my judgment when it is mainly personal and pastoral in its dominant methods. Let Andrew bring Simon; let Philip bring Nathaniel; let Thomas and Richard and Henry lead their fellows to Christ. In becoming fishers of men the hook and line method, one at a time, has a certain decided advantage over the drag net. It does not land so many fish at a time, but its catch does not need to be perpetually discounted by those factors which are represented by the sculpin and the dog fish, always brought in by the wholesale, miscellaneous effort.

This personal evangelism is amazingly effective when it is followed up. In the Clinic on Evangelism held in Boston a year ago the fact was brought out that if we had one hundred Christians to start with and each Christian should bring one other soul to Christ in a year, and if this quiet, effective effort were maintained, it would only take twenty-four years to bring the whole human race into Christian life. Less than a generation! For every Christian to give sufficient time and strength in this particular interest to

bring one person in twelve months into a life of Christian devotion does not seem too much! Yet look at the result to be achieved by such a method!

The Commission on Evangelism, appointed by the National Council at its last session, spent two full days last January in New York in prayer and consultation with the Executive Committee of the Council. They then sent out appeals to all our ministers, North, South, East and West. Seventy conferences of pastors were held to confer touching the best use to be made of those weeks before Easter for the ingathering of boys and girls, of young men and maidens, of men and women in mature life, into the church of Christ. A vast amount of quiet faithful effort to win people to Christian life and service was thus initiated. And the splendid showing which will be made in our next Year Book as to the increased number of people uniting with our churches on profession of faith, will be one of those results for which we all thank God.

Here then you have the picture of these four main interests in the four-square church! There are three gates on every side through which Christian impulse may find expression on all these fields of effort. It is not wise nor right that any one of the four should belittle either of the others in the supposed interests of its own great ends. Let all stand together and build together,—Christian education and world-wide missions, the great work of social service and the supreme task of Christian evangelism! Then our church life will rise solid, substantial and symmetrical. The winds may blow, the rains descend, and the waves beat upon that house, but it will stand secure, firmly founded on the rock of obedience to Christ.

APPENDIX

LETTERS

IN response to the invitations, many letters were received, accompanying acceptances or regrets, in all of which were cordial expressions of congratulation and good-will. Most of these letters are very brief, and some are so personal in their contents as not to be adapted to general circulation. As one reads them, one appreciates anew how widespread is the interest in such a celebration as this, and how many hearts, in widely scattered communities, are bound to this ancient church in ties of grateful affection. From this sheaf of letters, the following have been selected as typical of this expression of Christian fellowship, so deeply appreciated by the church.

Newton Centre,
October 23, 1914.

To the First Church in Newton—Greeting!

DEAR BRETHREN—The First Baptist Church in Newton, long conscious of the fellowship and Christian sympathy which has been so marked a feature of the church life of this village and which from early in our history has marked the relations between our two congregations, sends you on the occasion of your two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, its hearty congratulations for the past and best wishes for the future. We have rejoiced in your good works, we have been gladdened by your prosperity and our faith has been strengthened by your steadfastness.

For many years you and we were the only churches in this village, and its religious life centered in our two meeting-houses. Led by men of God, devout in spirit, one common purpose has animated us, and the service of God and the glory of his name has been preached and practiced in these parishes. We have honored the goodly men who have been and are your leaders. We have been blessed in their min-

istry and the fellowship in the Christian lives and activities of your congregation has been an inspiration and example to us.

On these days when you look back upon an honorable past and forward into a future full of promise, we bid you Godspeed and pray for you the blessing of God who hath founded you and stablished you in his truth.

By vote of the Church, this 23d day of October, 1914.

M. GRANT EDMANDS,

Clerk.

To the First Church in Newton—Greeting!

The Official Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Newton Centre appointed the undersigned a committee to express to the First Church the hearty congratulations of our pastor and people on the occasion of your two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. We gladly recognize the eminent place that your church holds as a religious force in this community; not only by the prestige of its venerable age, but also because of its long line of faithful ministers, the noble names in its roll of members past and present, its steadfast witnessing to the Faith, its own increasing power in moulding the life and character of this city.

It was nearly forty years after the First Church was organized that John Wesley was born. Your denominational origins were stirring in England a century before 1664. Methodism is therefore a younger sister of Congregationalism, in the family of Protestant bodies. In the great movements of Christianity, of the past two centuries and more, one confession has proclaimed, "I am of John Calvin"; another, "I am of John Wesley." But, in this time the emphasis is not to be given to any merely human leadership. Paul rebuked those Corinthians who in divided ranks cried, "I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas." So in this season of your historic festival, we are with you to rejoice that there is for us all "one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism," and that these are foregleams of a glorious day to come ere long when there shall be "neither

Greek nor Jew, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ shall be all and in all."

The challenge to your church and ours, and to all of Christendom, in this crisis among nations, is that we do our utmost to bring in the reign of righteousness, unity and peace.

WILLIAM E. HUNTINGTON,
WILLIAM P. COOKE,
MILTON A. CHANDLER,

October 23, 1914.

Committee on Greetings.

Boston, October 16, 1914.

MR. WILLIAM H. RICE,
Newton Centre, Mass.:

My dear Sir—I received your very kind invitation to be present at the two hundred and fiftieth Anniversary of the First Church in Newton, and I regret exceedingly that my absence in the West at that time will render my attendance impossible.

I wish to express in behalf of the American Unitarian Association our congratulations and heartiest good wishes for the continuance of the splendid influence of your church, and we hope that it will find in the present anniversary inspiration for renewed effort in behalf of congregational simplicity of worship and the establishment of the Kingdom of God in the hearts and minds of the people.

With fraternal greetings, I remain

Sincerely yours,

LEWIS G. WILSON.

Hartford, Conn., October 18, 1914.

MR. WILLIAM H. RICE,
Committee of the First Church in Newton,

Dear Brother—In behalf of the First Church of Christ in Hartford I send greeting and congratulations to you for the First Church in Newton. We rejoice with you in the record of the years that are past, and we pray for you continued grace for the enlarging opportunities of the years that are to come.

The whole fellowship of the ancient churches of New England is with you in the Spirit as you celebrate the "mighty men—the fathers who begot us"—May their courage and faith, their patience and love, be given unceasingly to us their children.

Cordially yours,

ROCHWELL HARMON POTTER.

Minister to The First Church of Christ in Hartford,
Founded 1632.

Roxbury, Mass., October 18, 1914.

MR. W. H. RICE,
Newton Centre,

My dear Mr. Rice—The Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of your church, to which you have so kindly invited me, offers an occasion full of interest. Your beginning takes me back to the early history of my own church when the Apostle Eliot, now the most commanding figure in the settlement of New England, made his unwearying journeys through the wilderness to bear his brotherly messages to the Indians, where your church now sends out its Gospel under such different surroundings. I trust you are as earnest and unwearied to convert the heathen around you, as he was the savages, and I dare say you find them far more numerous. I hope all your services may be full of interest and profit, and I would gladly be with you if my engagements would permit, but they will not.

Thanking you very much, I am

Very gratefully yours,

JAMES DENORMANDIE.

21 Kirkland Street,
Cambridge, Mass.,

November 1, 1914.

My dear Noyes—I am much troubled to find, on returning from New York last night, that a department meeting has been set for four o'clock tomorrow, Monday afternoon. I cannot absent myself from it. But that and a class at

the Brooks House in the evening effectually prevent my coming to your celebration, which I deeply regret.

I am sending back my dinner ticket to your Mr. Rice that a better man may have the dinner.

But you and I have long worked together, and two hundred and fifty years is a long time in the life of an American church, and that makes me very sorry that I cannot come.

With congratulations, best wishes, and devoted regard,

Yours,

EDWARD C. MOORE.

Ogunquit, Me.,

September 21, 1914.

Dear Dr. Noyes—Monday afternoon, November 2, I shall be more than happy to bring you and your venerably noble church greetings.

I cannot remain for the evening as an important meeting in Old South will compel my return.

Mrs. Gordon desires me to thank you for the courteous invitation to her. Heartiest congratulations!

Very truly yours,

GEORGE A. GORDON.

Boston, October 27, 1914.

MR. WILLIAM H. RICE,
Newton Centre, Mass.

My dear Mr. Rice—It is a matter of great regret that I shall not be able to attend the banquet on the occasion of the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of your church. Engagements of long standing will prevent.

I extend my most hearty congratulations to the officers, members, and of course to the beloved pastor of the church.

The church has had a notable history, and it seems to me has never more fully achieved the great mission of a Christian church than to-day.

Yours ever faithfully,

A. Z. CONRAD.

Springfield, Mass.,

October 28, 1914.

My dear Mr. Rice—The invitation to the anniversary celebration at Newton Centre, with its long list of pleasantly familiar names and its attractive program, has been tugging away at our hearts until long after the proper time for sending response. But when it has become finally certain that both Mrs. Kilbon and I must forego the pleasure of getting even a glimpse of the proceedings, I must send just a word of congratulation and good wishes. The Newton Centre church seems to me to be the choicest company of people I have ever been connected with. May the power of your associated manhood be more and more effectively used for the glory of God and the upbuilding of his kingdom. And may the strong leadership of your pastor continue to grow in strength for a long time to come. Twenty years is not long, compared with two hundred and fifty, but it is long enough to ensure that a very large part of the congregation associate church and minister inseparably in thought. It is good for church and minister, both, that this thing is so.

With cordial greetings to old friends and good wishes for all, I am

Cordially yours,

JOHN LUTHER KILBON.

Newton Centre, Mass.,

October 19, 1914.

MR. WILLIAM H. RICE:

Dear Sir—I have received the courteous invitation to attend the celebration of your church's Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary, and sincerely thank you for kind remembrance. It will be impossible for me to attend but I hope the celebration will be a memorable success and that God's choicest blessings will be upon you, every one.

Again thanking you sincerely,

I am yours in Christ,

DANIEL C. RIORDAN.

Indianapolis, Ind.,

October 28, 1914.

Dear Will—I wish, indeed, that *we* were to start for Newton Centre tonight instead of this letter. Please let us express our best wishes to the busy committee, while sending deep regrets that we can be no nearer than a thousand miles, on the great occasion.

I keenly appreciated your thoughtfulness in sending the invitation and feel guilty that I did not at first notice that it was a really, truly invitation with r. s. v. p. postscript, which I ought to have answered last week.

It seems to me as though no one outside your parish could be more interested than I in this anniversary, and I have read over the program several times, have bragged of the great occasion in this hundred-year-old state, and have imagined just what thronged gatherings and inspired speaking you will have.

What a wonderful record it has been from John Eliot, Jr., to this year of Our Lord! What a fine thing it is that this anniversary gives the impulse and occasion for a review and interpretation of the history!

There will always be plenty of interest, and need of interest, in the larger annals of American history, but I sometimes think there is a finer inspiration in a close familiarity with some community records, like those you are recalling. How those little recorded generations did work together for family, church, and village progress in order that you and I, Will, might get the inheritance we did!

I wish every success to the meetings and the hard-worked committees that have organized them.

Sincerely,

FREDERIC G. MELCHER.

LIST OF MEMORIALS.

Unless otherwise stated, all memorials are in the possession of the church.

- PHOTOGRAPH OF REV. JAMES BATES, 1846.
PHOTOGRAPH OF REV. WILLIAM BUSHNELL.
PHOTOGRAPH OF HENRY GIBBS, ESQ., of Newton, 1694-1761.
PHOTOGRAPH OF THE OLD RICE HOUSE, formerly on Centre Street; built by Henry Gibbs in 1742; and he lived there until his death.
PHOTOGRAPH OF REV. EPHRAIM WARD, 1741-1818, AND MRS. WARD, daughter of Benjamin Colman of Boston.—Loaned by Mrs. Julius A. Rising, Newton Centre.
PORTRAIT (upon silk) OF MR. EPHRAIM WARD, 1771-1797.—Loaned by Miss Annie C. Ward, Newton Centre.
PHOTOGRAPH OF MRS. ANNA HAMMOND POPE, 1754-1859; from a portrait painted at the age of ninety.
PORTRAIT OF MRS. HANNAH WOODWARD JACKSON, wife of Dea. William Jackson; painted in 1811.—Loaned by Miss Lucretia J. Fuller, Newton.
PHOTOGRAPHS OF DEA. ELIJAH F. WOODWARD, 1786-1846, AND MRS. WOODWARD, 1790-1871.—Loaned by Mrs. Frederick N. Woodward, Waban.
PHOTOGRAPH OF DEA. EBEN. WOODWARD, 1811-1879.—Loaned by Mrs. Frederick N. Woodward, Waban.
PHOTOGRAPHS OF DEA. LUTHER PAUL, 1793-1863, AND MRS. PAUL, 1799-1861.—Loaned by Mrs. Luther Paul, Newton Centre.
PHOTOGRAPHS OF DEA. ASA COOK, REV. INCREASE S. DAVIS, MR. AND MRS. JONATHAN STONE, and four generations of the Stone family.—Loaned by Mr. George N. Stone, Newton Highlands.
PORTRAIT OF MRS. SALLY BULLARD BRACKETT, AND PHOTOGRAPH OF REV. GILBERT R. BRACKETT, D.D.—Loaned by Mrs. C. Peter Clark, Newton Centre.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. MARY (HETT) FITCH, grandmother of Rev. Jonas Meriam's second wife, and silhouettes of Mrs. John Kendrick's family.—Loaned by Miss Mabel and Miss Jeannie Kendrick, Newton.

PHOTOGRAPH OF PORTRAIT OF GOODY DAVIS, 1636-1752(?).—Portrait now in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

PHOTOGRAPH OF DEA. WILLIAM JACKSON AND FAMILY, photograph of Dea. William Jackson's second wife, and engraving of Miss Harriet Newell.—Loaned by Mrs. Harry E. Keith, Newton.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF REV. THEODORE J. HOLMES AND MRS. HOLMES.—Loaned by Mr. George A. Holmes, Newton Centre.

PORTRAIT OF CHARLES WARD.—Loaned by Charles Ward Post, Grand Army of the Republic.

TWO PHOTOGRAPHS OF NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL SCHOLARS, 1853.—Loaned by Mr. William B. Wood, Newton Highlands.

PHOTOGRAPH OF LAYING THE CORNERSTONE OF THE CHURCH, 1903.—Loaned by Mr. E. Farnum Rockwood, Newton Centre.

PORTRAIT OF MR. MARSHALL S. RICE.—Loaned by Mrs. Marshall O. Rice, Newton Centre.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF HON. ROBERT R. BISHOP AND MRS. BISHOP.—Loaned by Mr. Elias B. Bishop, Newton Centre.

ENGRAVED PORTRAIT OF MR. JAMES J. WALWORTH, 1808-1896.—Loaned by Mr. Arthur C. Walworth, Newton Centre.

PHOTOGRAPH OF DEA. JOHN WARD.—Gift of Mr. Samuel Ward, Newton Centre.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF MR. B. WOOD AND MRS. WOOD.—Loaned by Miss Maria F. Wood, Newton Centre.

PORTRAITS OF GENERAL CHENEY AND MRS. CHENEY.—Loaned by Mrs. Franklin N. Thatcher, Newton Centre.

SILVER COMMUNION SERVICE.—Presented to the Church of Christ in Newton. Donors: John Staples, 1727;

Ebenezer Stone, Sr., 1730; Abraham White, 1731;
Anna Longley, 1733; Dea. William Trowbridge, 1744;
Dea. John Stone, 1768; Abigail Parker, 1768.

PEWTER PLATTERS FROM OLD COMMUNION SERVICE, ORIGINALLY USED BY THE CHURCH.

REVOLUTIONARY SWORD, CARRIED BY CAPT. JOHN WOODWARD AT THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

OLD VIOLIN, USED BY DEA. ELIJAH F. WOODWARD IN THE CHOIR.

LUNCH BASKET, USED ON THE SABBATH BY THE WOODWARD FAMILY.

OLD FOOT-STOVE, USED IN THE MEETING-HOUSE, 1810-1847.

SKETCH OF THE MEETING-HOUSE, BUILT IN 1805, DRAWN BY MISS HARRIET WOODWARD.

OLD HYMN AND TUNE BOOKS, USED BY DEA. WOODWARD IN THE CHOIR.

BOOKS OF SERMONS BY COTTON MATHER, MARCH 26, 1686.

SAMPLER, MONUMENT PIECE AND GENEALOGY OF THE WOODWARD FAMILY.

All the above memorials loaned by Mrs. Frederick N. Woodward, Waban.

CURTAINS, SPUN, WOVEN, AND EMBROIDERED BY HANNAH GREENWOOD WOODWARD, 1730, ALSO A PEWTER PLATE, OLD CHINA, AND BOOKS.—Loaned by Mrs. S. A. Sylvester, Newton Centre.

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PEWTER PLATTERS, OWNED BY MRS. BEULAH FULLER.—Loaned by Mrs. George N. Stone, Newton Highlands.

LETTER FROM JONATHAN HOMER TO DR. JAMES FREEMAN, AUGUST 5, 1816.

LETTER FROM REV. JAMES BATES TO DR. POND.

SERMON BY REV. NEHEMIAH HOBART: "The Absence of the Comforter Described and Lamented"; published 1717.

SERMONS BY REV. JOHN COTTON, A.M., DELIVERED IN NEWTON 1741.

SERMON BY REV. JONATHAN HOMER.

FOUR SERMONS BY REV. JOHN COTTON, REV. JONATHAN HOMER, AND REV. WILLIAM BUSHNELL.

BIBLE PRESENTED TO JONATHAN HOMER BY HIS FRIEND, ADMIRAL SIR ISAAC COFFIN OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

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SWORD AND BELT, WORN BY DR. FURBER WHEN HE SERVED
ON THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION DURING THE CIVIL
WAR.

DR. FURBER'S DIARY AND LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

MEMORANDUM BOOK OF THE CHURCH, written about 1845.

PLANS OF THE OLD CHURCH, 1847 and 1870.

VARIOUS MANUSCRIPTS AND ACCOUNT BOOKS FROM THE
ARCHIVES OF THE CHURCH.

MEMORABILIA CONNECTED WITH DR. FURBER AND MRS.
FURBER, FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE CHURCH.

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